IT MUST BE SUNNY IN HELL
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BRENDAN WHIPPLE

IT MUST BE
SUNNY
IN HELL

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Names: Whipple, Brendan, author, artist, editor
Title: story, art, colors, letters, cover design, Brendan Whipple

Printed in the Satanic States of America.

INTRODUCTION

The most trouble I ever got in was when I was twelve years old in the seventh grade. I drew some raunchy comics that considering even my adolescent obstinance and naïveté would likely offend my adult self nearly as much as it did my poor parents. But in the indelicacy of pre-modern parenting, or post-modern apprehension, I was led to believe my transgression was equal to all societal debasement, and my childhood was lost in the chasm between innocence and the Catholic guilt of original sin. I became a man that day, and like in the Jewish tradition of bar mitzvah, I became fully responsible for my actions. No, I was my actions, and I was bad.

I turned hard toward religion in an attempt to cleanse my wickedness and ease my guilt. I found myself often in the church basement, alone or with others but always alone, convinced that holiness was somewhere in the flagellation of prayer on the hard concrete floor. By the time I was in high school I was broken and following the path of Confirmation that might have led all the way to priesthood as far as I could tell. In the same basement I spent Sunday nights with the youth group. It felt like an additional gold star on the résumés of handsome honor-roll athletes, destined to become even handsomer entrepreneurs and famous pro-football cheerleaders (this is true). But for me, it was steel wool used to scour my greasy hair and skin and black Led Zeppelin t-shirt until I could shine as bright as them. I couldn't understand why they were there. What could they have to atone for?

I don't know that I ever truly believed, which is why I couldn't change. And why on one night at youth group I muttered in jest that "it's always sunny in hell," quoting lyrics to a song I knew. Not knowing my intention was to ridicule, to my surprise the group reacted with awe as if I had said something profound. More ironic still is that I may very well have.

I wrote *It Must Be Sunny In Hell* in earnest to reflect some positivity in a world hell-bent on self-destruction. It is just as significantly a love-letter to punk rock, the latter of which I will talk about first because it is easier. For me, punk is both just a word not meant to be taken too seriously, and a belief that there are more ways to Be than the those set by the narrow scope of societal expectations. To be punk is to say "fuck you" to what we're sold, allowing for the existence of alternate possibilities, regardless of how few individuals choose to partake in them. It's easy to see how anyone trapped in the binds of Christian morality might turn toward such a community.

The second tenant of punk is to use whatever privileges available to you to protect the oppressed and fight for the rights of what binary societies considers alternative lifestyles and beliefs. (This is so long as the beliefs cause no harm to anyone else, of course. Beliefs that promote racism, sexism, fascism, homophobia, transphobia, economic devastation, etc., however outside of society, can never be defended. "First, do no harm" is a good oath for all groups.) I will repeat a lyric from Canadian band Propagandhi that has stuck with me through this process that sums it up best: "The very system I oppose affords me the luxury of biting the hand that feeds. But that's exactly why privileged fucks like me should feel obliged to whine and kick and scream—until everyone has everything they need."

I first discovered punk at the age of 6 playing the 1999 classic *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater* on PlayStation, and later rediscovered it in my adolescence while raiding my uncle's collection of CDs left behind in my grandparents' basement. To my surprise, the music there was much the same as in the game, and included such gems as "Destruction by Definition," "Hitler Bad, Vandals Good," and "…And Out Come the Wolves." Out of irreverence or numbness, punk was and still is the only music that moves me to feel every emotion (sometimes all at once). It fills a well of creativity in me constructed by a tradition of nineties films that were more soundtrack than movie, and follows me wherever I go, whatever I do. Road trips with friends, hangs outside the school before the bell rings, these moments were so punctuated by noisy alternative rock that I didn't even have to wear headphones to hear it. So, like a nostalgic love, this graphic novel was written as a mixtape to the reader. But mixtapes say less about the listener than the mixer. And the question is always the same: Do you see me?

Now to the more difficult conversation. I originally wrote this introduction in the summer of 2020, and revisiting it in 2025 has me reckoning with the reality that I could not have predicted—nor would I have every wished—that these words would be more relevant now than ever, however necessary it makes them. In telling this story, I won't pretend to understand or embody a transgender or otherwise nonbinary life experience. In fact, the opposite is true. As a straight white cis-gendered man, I can only fully understand the experience of the oppressor. There is a great darkness to this story, so far as the actions taken against the protagonist are concerned. This is because I can find the evils of a white, patriarchal society within myself.

When it came to telling this story however, the important part became not just playing the part I was cast to play, but to put myself in the shoes of a transgender person and try to think about how it *feels*. I asked myself to consider an individual who feels completely uncomfortable with a certain identity, who then discovers an identity that makes their body and mind feel at home. Then consider that same individual is actively rejected by those closest to them—by people like myself—because of their very identity. It's certainly not the same, but I can remember my own moments of despair, hopelessness, suicide ideation and the like, that might come close to such a feeling of rejection. This is the basis of how *It Must Be Sunny In Hell* was written.

The aforementioned inner work forced me to consider my own gender identity and expression. I do not necessarily feel like a Man, but I also don't think I know what that means. At five-foot-six, I am hardly bigger than the average female. I don't like being the aggressor or the one in charge, or any traditionally masculine attribute that men typically use to assert their dominance, particularly because of my size. I cannot fight to protect myself or others in an evolutionarily biased way associated with my gender. Still, I recognize that I am comfortable identifying with the biology I was born with if for no other reason than it allows me the ease to navigate social constructs that would not be allowed for me otherwise.

For this I acknowledge the dichotomy of being a comfortable cis-gendered man who is uncomfortable with knowing that many of us accept that role before considering its implications. No matter our identity, I believe we can all find ways in which we recognize that even a small part of us feels "wrong," whatever that might mean. The result is hopefully empathy, and insofar as accepting the transgender experience, we accept that the transgender experience *is* the human experience, and that the binary nature of gender is nothing more than a manmade construct used to simplify an incredibly complex and exigent state of being.

Recognizing what it is to be human is to recognize that we all exist in a consciousness of experiences inexorably intertwined with those of all other human beings. Buddhism tells us that the path to enlightenment is a loss of ego—a figurative death and a rebirth of who we *think* we are. Understanding this is to understand that the stories we're told about ourselves by our parents, our religions, our societies—even by ourselves—are just that, nothing more than stories told, often through a narrow lens, in order to put us in boxes that can be easily categorized and dismissed. It is also a step toward opening the door to new stories and new possibilities. Or so the story goes…

Brendan Whipple
Salem, March 2025

For Paris Cameron,
a transgender woman of color,
along with Alunte Davis and
Timothy Blancher, two gay men,
who were murderd in Detroit
on May 25, 2019.

Submit yourselves therefore to God.
Resist the devil, and he will flee from
you. Draw near to God, and he will
draw near to you. Cleanse your
hands, you sinners, and purify your
hearts, you double-minded.

James 4:7-8

There is no God.

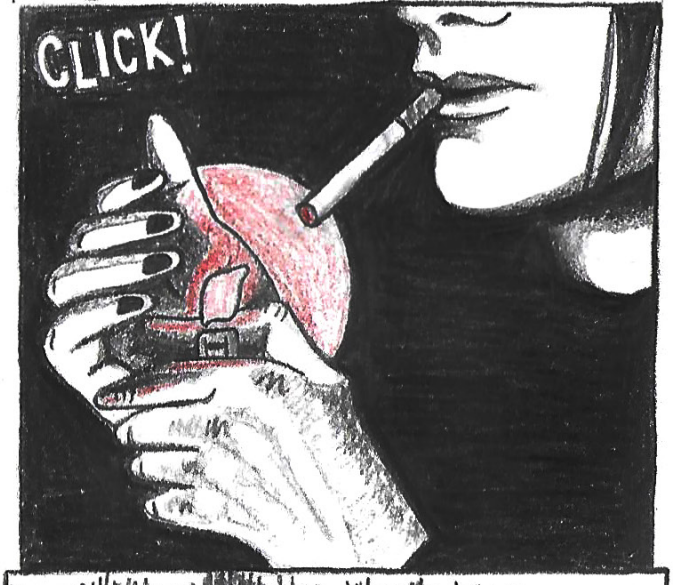
Frank Turner

CHAPTER 1
CHURCH

mf THEY SAY...

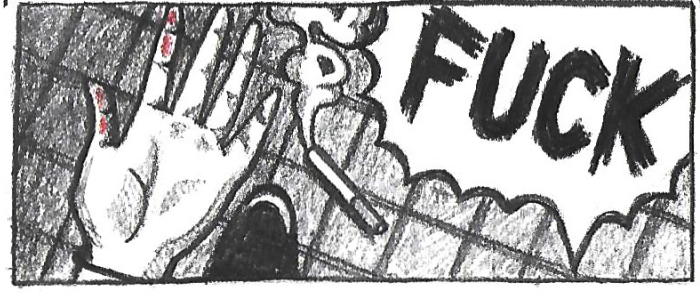
WE'LL ALL BE | FAR AWAY.

BUT WE'LL NEVER | KNOW THE ANSWER

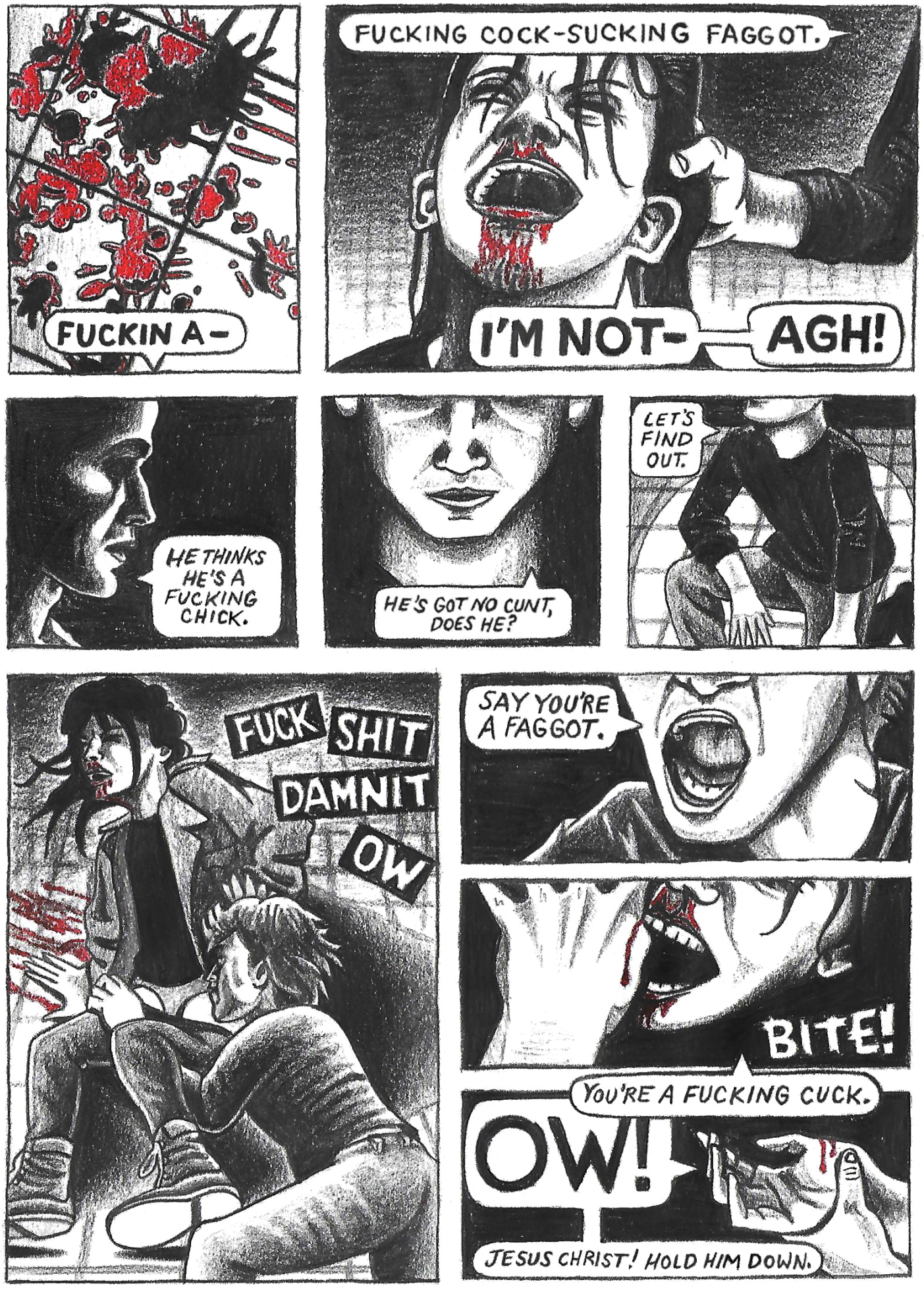


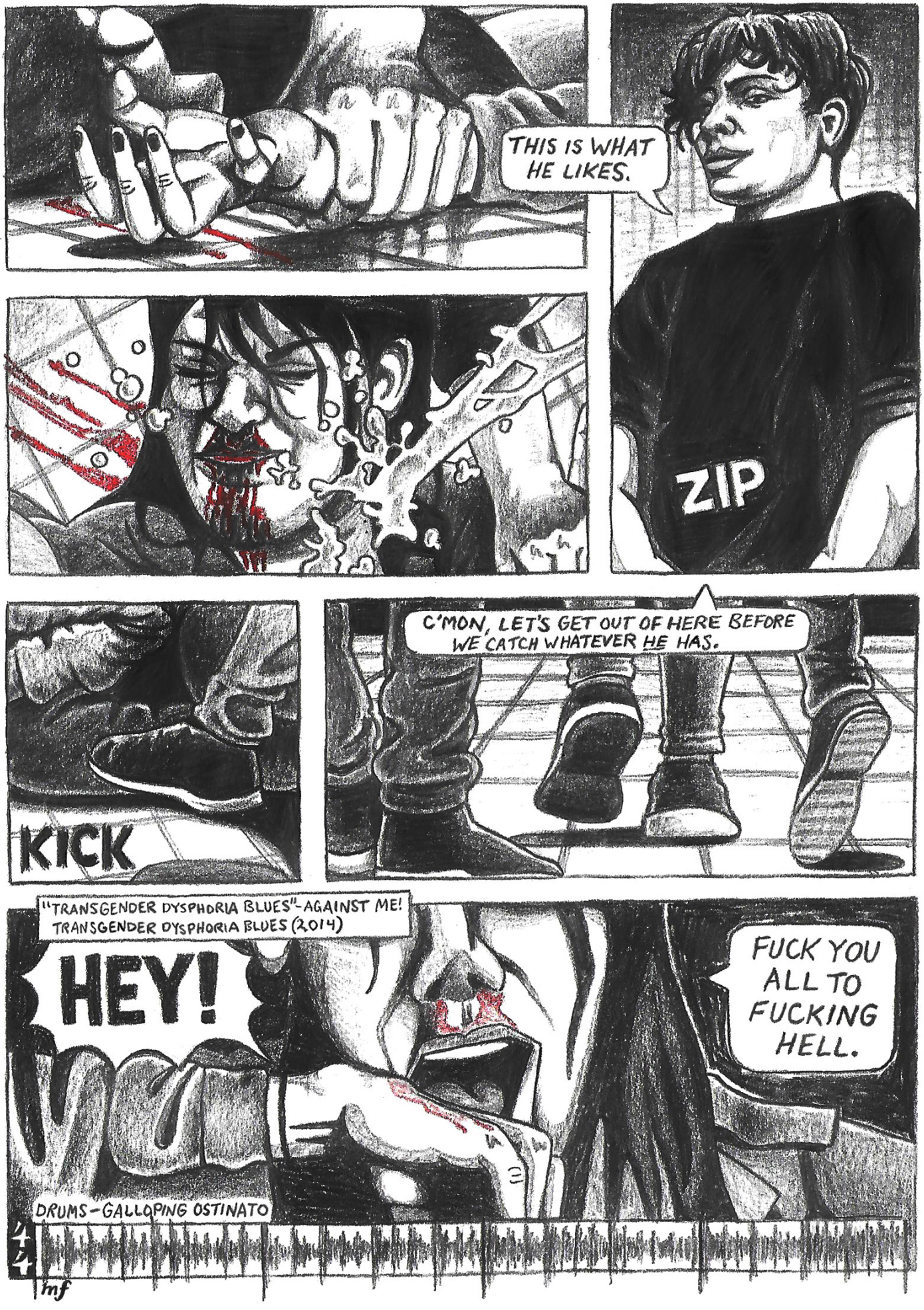
TO THIS WAY...

TO LAY...

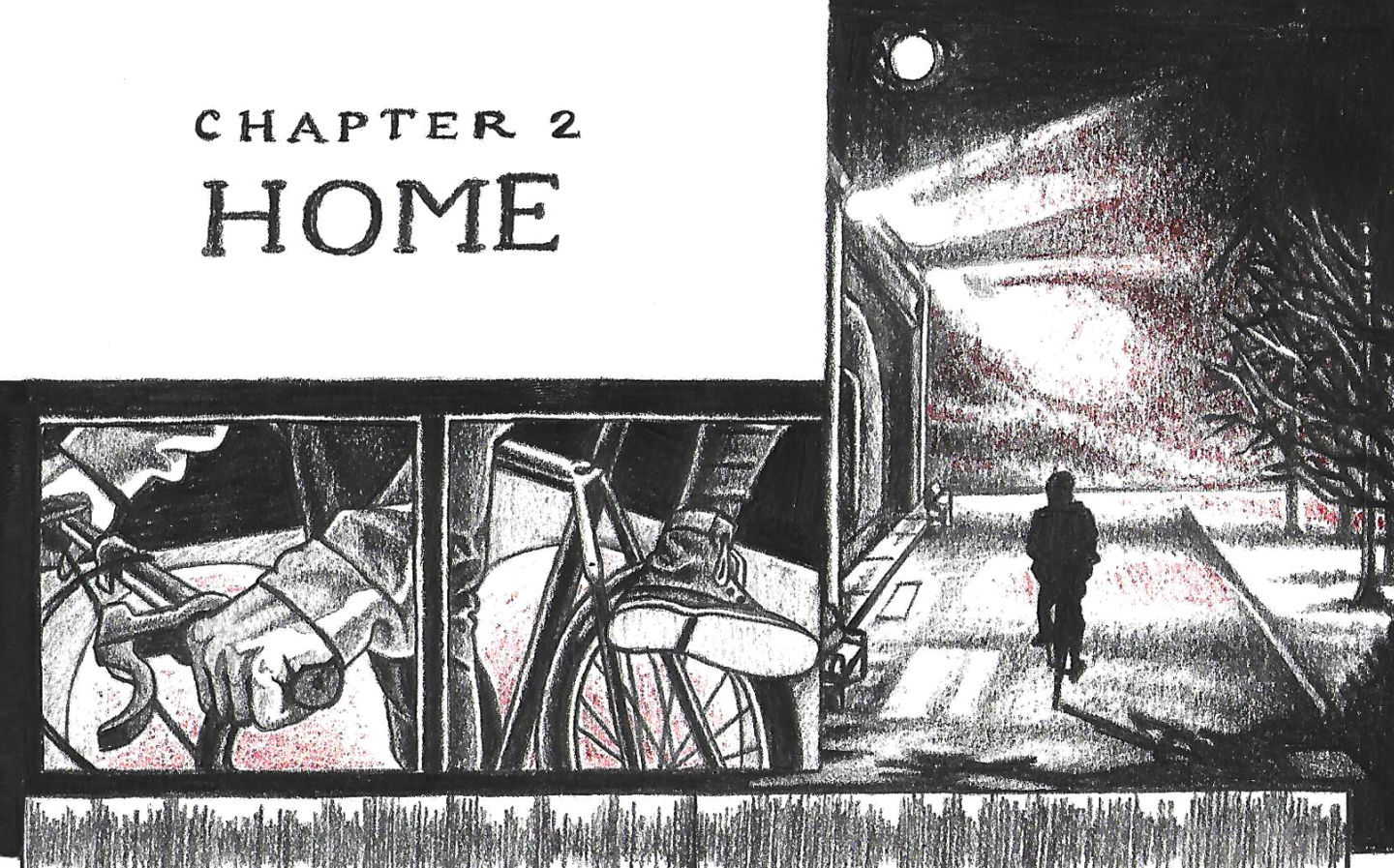


FLICKER
THWAAP!
COL PUGNO
LIKE CHRIST ON A MIC! x2
GODDAMN-
BROADCASTING AT YOU LIVE...
JUD!
... AND VIA SATELLITE.
POP!
KICK!
LIKE CHRIST ON A MIC x2
SAY IT.
FUCK OFF
SLAM!
MESSIAH OF THE FIRE,
SAVIOR OF THE NIGHT.


FUCKIN A-
FUCKING COCK-SUCKING FAGGOT.
I'M NOT-
AGH!
HE THINKS HE'S A FUCKING CHICK.
HE'S GOT NO CUNT, DOES HE?
LET'S FIND OUT.
FUCK
SHIT
DAMNIT
OW
SAY YOU'RE A FAGGOT.
BITE!
YOU'RE A FUCKING CUCK.
OW!
JESUS CHRIST! HOLD HIM DOWN.


THIS IS WHAT HE LIKES.
ZIP
KICK
C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE CATCH WHATEVER HE HAS.
"TRANSGENDER DYSPHORIA BLUES"-AGAINST ME!
TRANSGENDER DYSPHORIA BLUES (2014)
HEY!
FUCK YOU ALL TO FUCKING HELL.
DRUMS-GALLOPING OSTINATO
4/4
mf

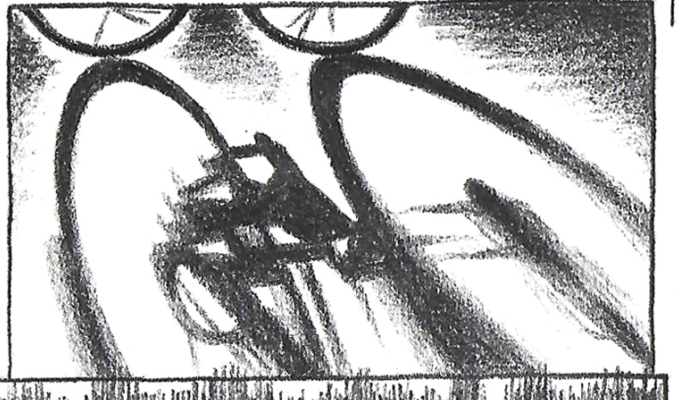
CHAPTER 2
HOME



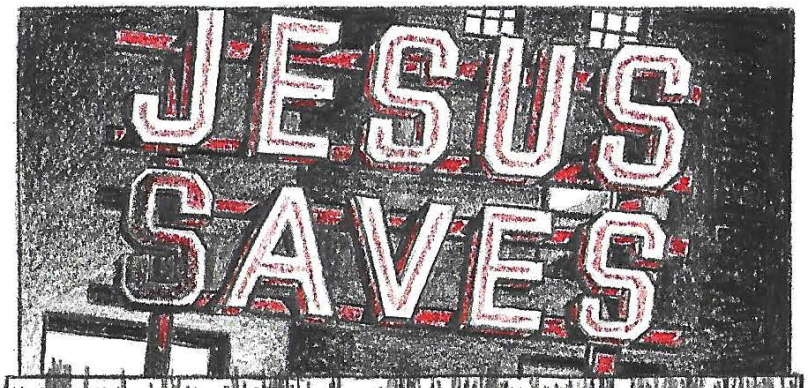
ƒ YOUR TELLS ARE SO OBVIOUS...

SHOULDERS TOO BROAD FOR A GIRL.

IT KEEPS YOU REMINDED...



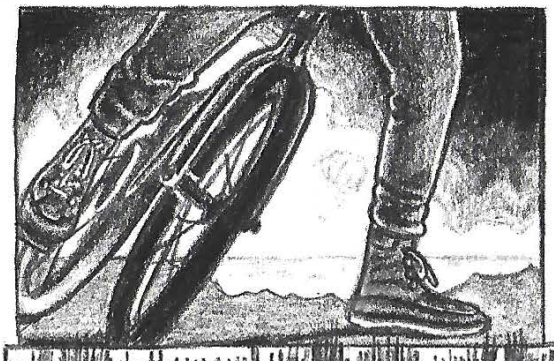
HELPS YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU COME FROM.



YOU WANT THEM TO NOTICE...

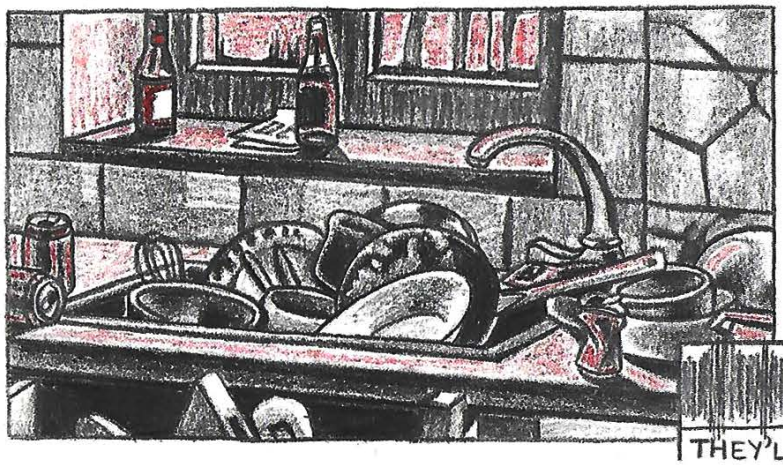
THE RAGGED ENDS OF YOUR SUMMER DRESS.

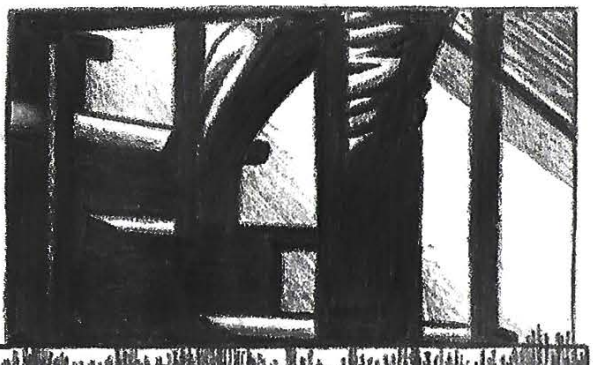
YOU WANT THEM TO SEE YOU,



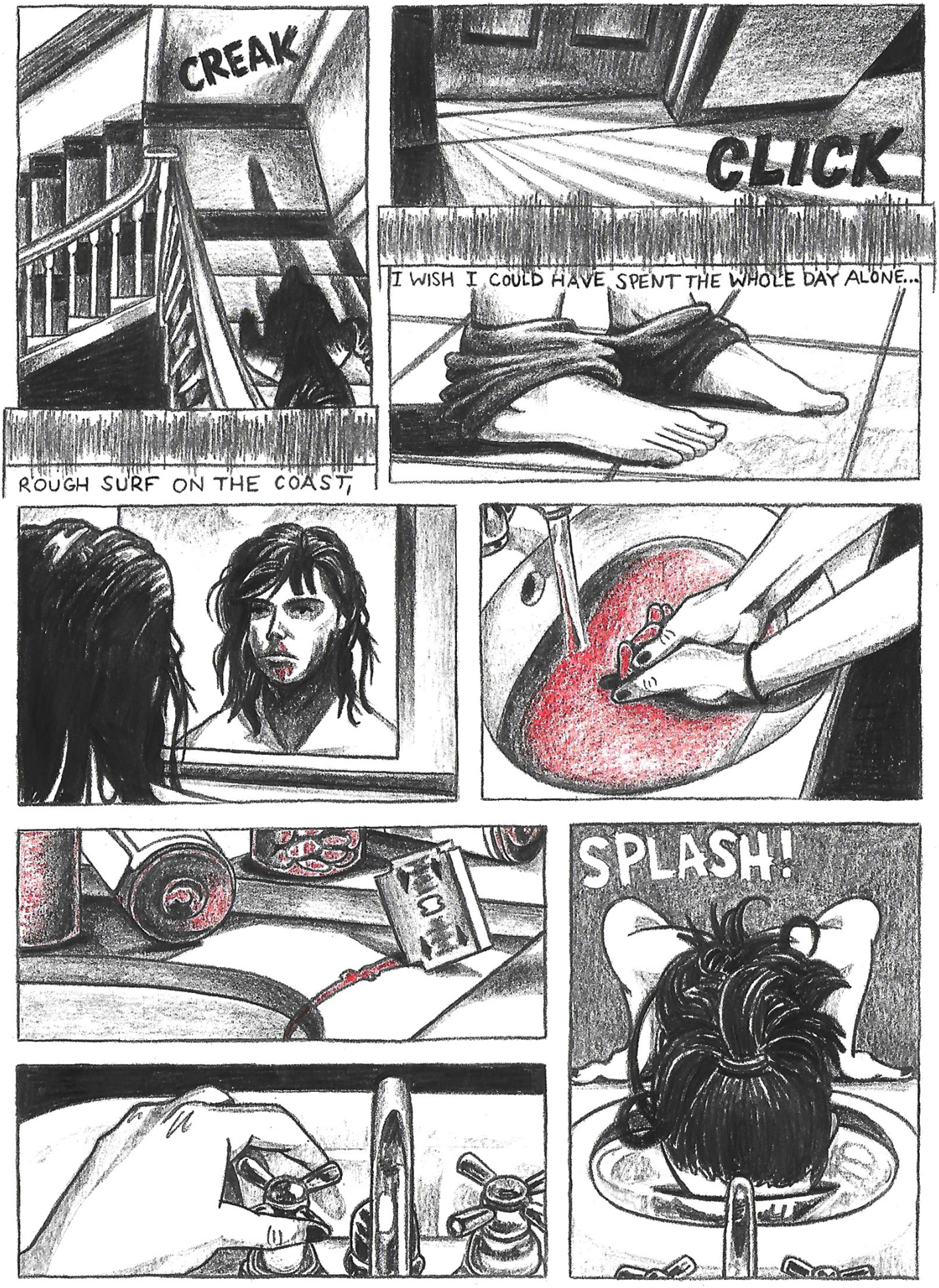
LIKE THEY SEE EVERY OTHER GIRL.

THEY JUST SEE A FAGGOT...





THEY'LL HOLD THEIR BREATH NOT TO CATCH THE SICK.

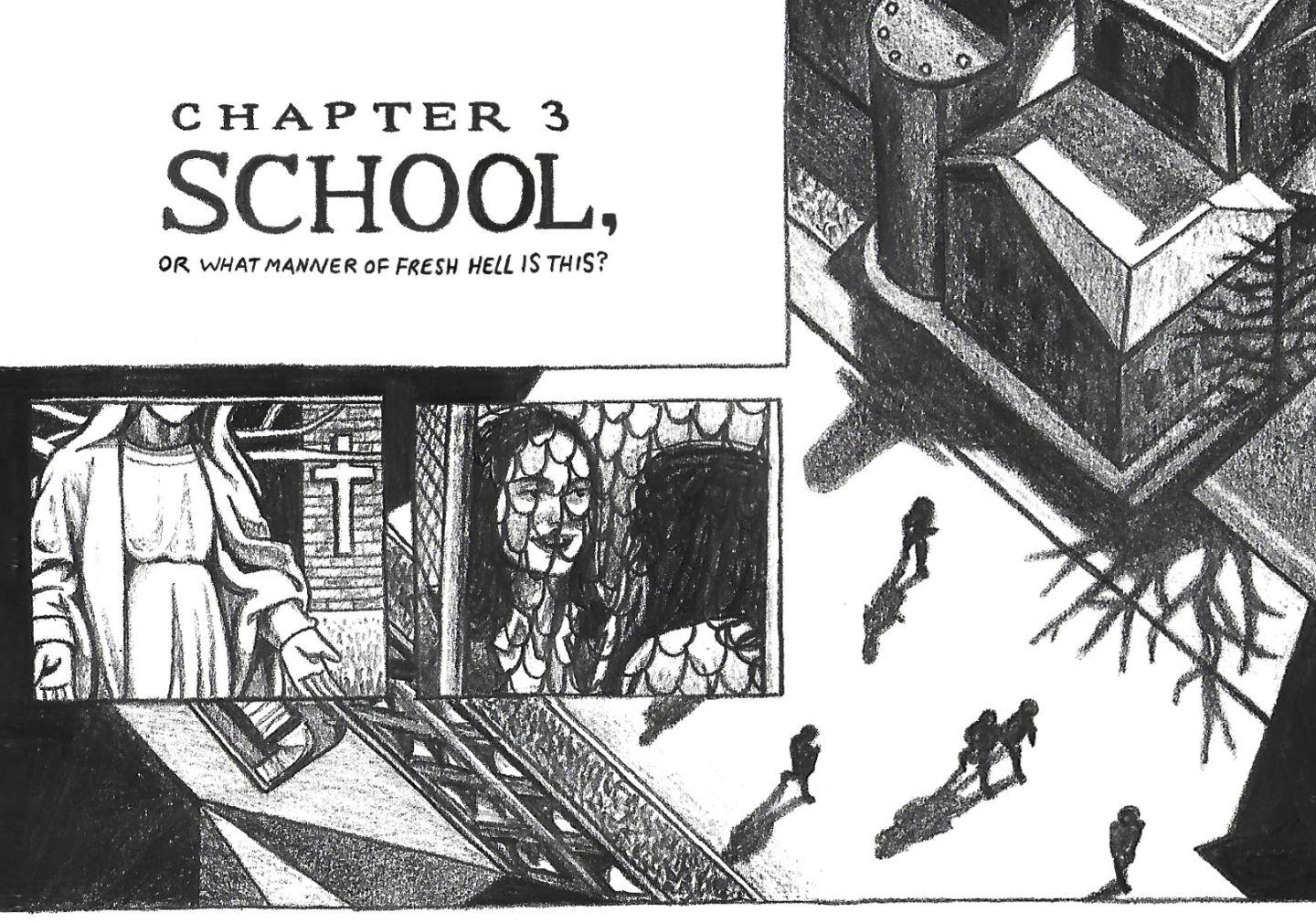

CREAK
ROUGH SURF ON THE COAST,
CLICK
I WISH I COULD HAVE SPENT THE WHOLE DAY ALONE...
SPLASH!

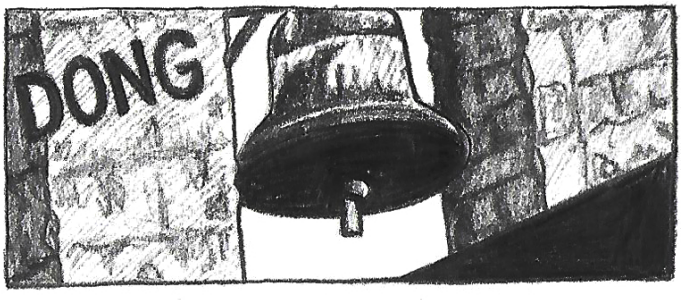
"PARABLE" - LAGWAGON
RAILER (2019)
WHO ARE YOU?
WONDER IS A SIN...
ACOUSTIC - ADAGIO
4/4
p WHERE DO WE BEGIN?
WONDER IS A SIN...
THERE IS NO FEAR IN UNKNOWING,
RELEASE... AND FORGET.
IMAGINE...
AND LEAP FROM CERTAINTY.
BUT THEY WOULD NOT DESERT ME
THEY WOULD NOT DESERT ME
THEY WILL NEVER HURT ME.
WE WILL RUN AWAY
AND FIND OUR SAFE PLACE
SOMEWHERE
f TO STAY.

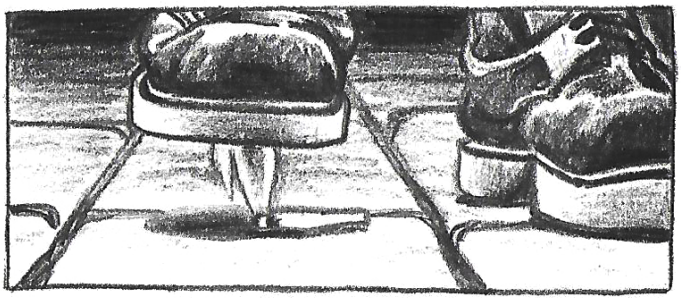
GASP!
THAT'S FOUR.
THEY WILL NEVER HURT ME...

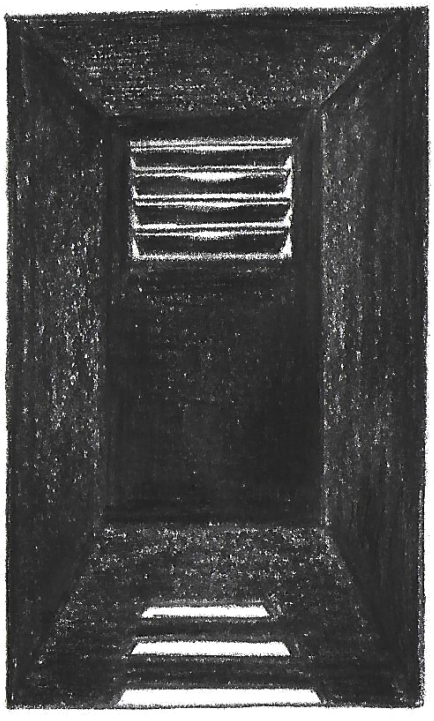
CHAPTER 3
SCHOOL,

OR WHAT MANNER OF FRESH HELL IS THIS?

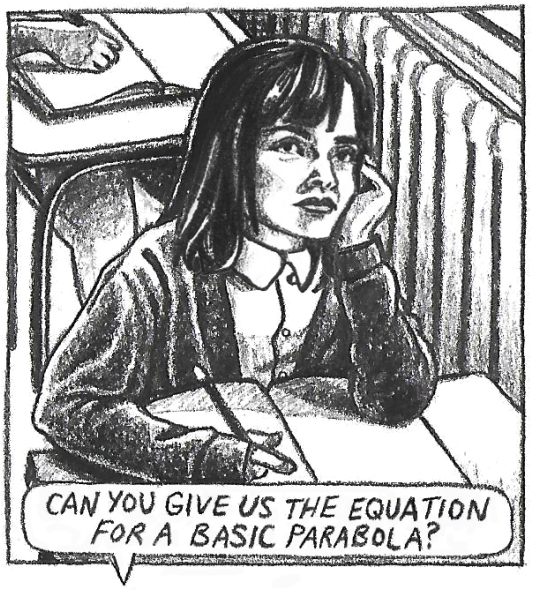




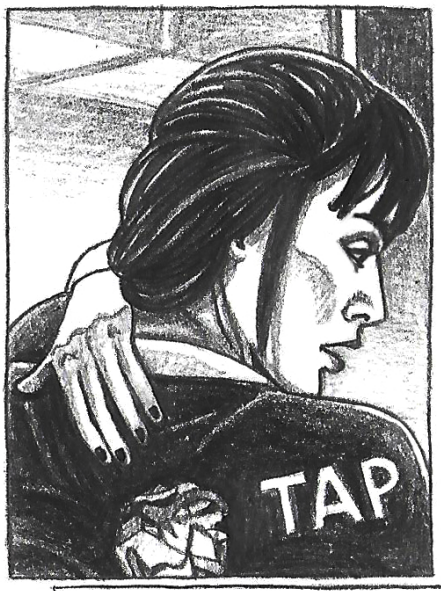


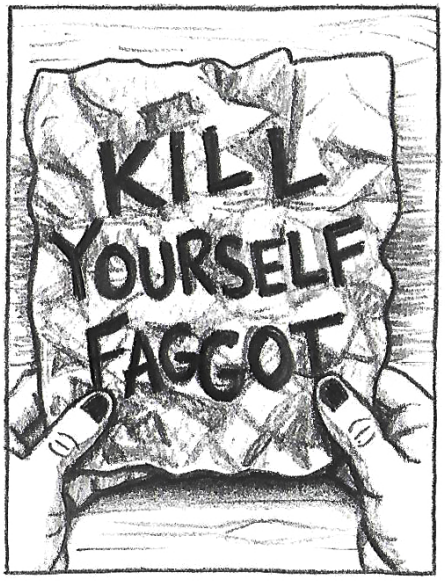


...STEVEN.
STEVEN.
$\frac{x^2}{a^2}-\frac{y^2}{b^2}=1$

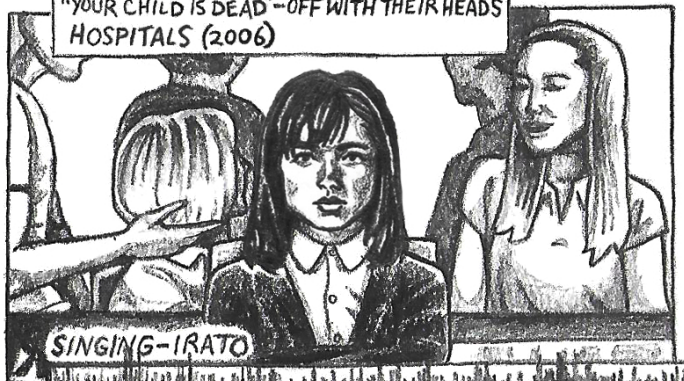

CAN YOU GIVE US THE EQUATION FOR A BASIC PARABOLA?

X...
YES...X IS PART OF IT.
SNICKERS
NOW STEVEN... WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS. YOU KNOW WE HAVE TO GO BY THE NAMES GOD GAVE US.
NO... IT'S X, NOT STEVEN.
WE'VE ALREADY MADE AN EXCEPTION FOR THIS... GIRL-BOY LOOK, OR WHATEVER IT IS, YOU HAVE GOING BECAUSE OF YOUR, AHEM, HOME LIFE.
YOU'VE BEEN PRAYING ABOUT YOUR LITTLE... ISSUE... LIKE WE DISCUSSED? WE WOULDN'T WANT TO UPSET THE FATHER NOW, WOULD WE?
F2
a
F1
WELL... ANDRIA, WOULD YOU RECITE FOR US THE...

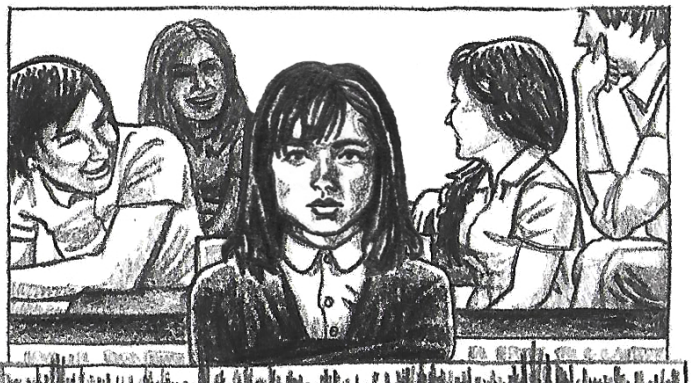




"YOUR CHILD IS DEAD"--OFF WITH THEIR HEADS
HOSPITALS (2006)



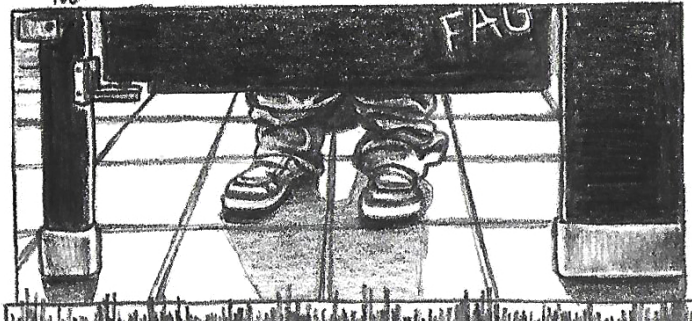
SINGING-IRATO



44

THE LAST THING YOU NEED IS MORE SECURITY

I THINK THE PROBLEM HAS SPOKEN FOR ITSELF.

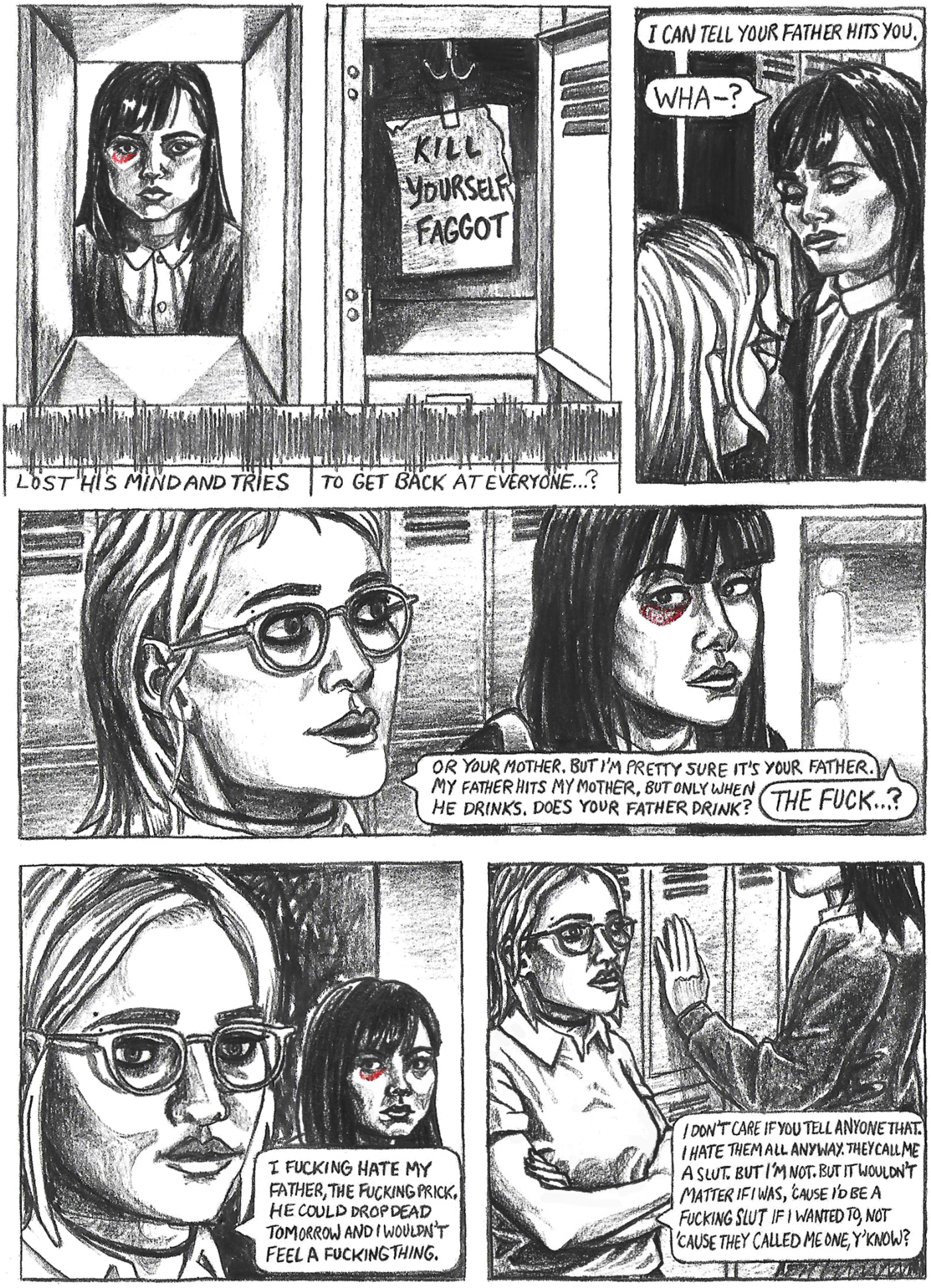


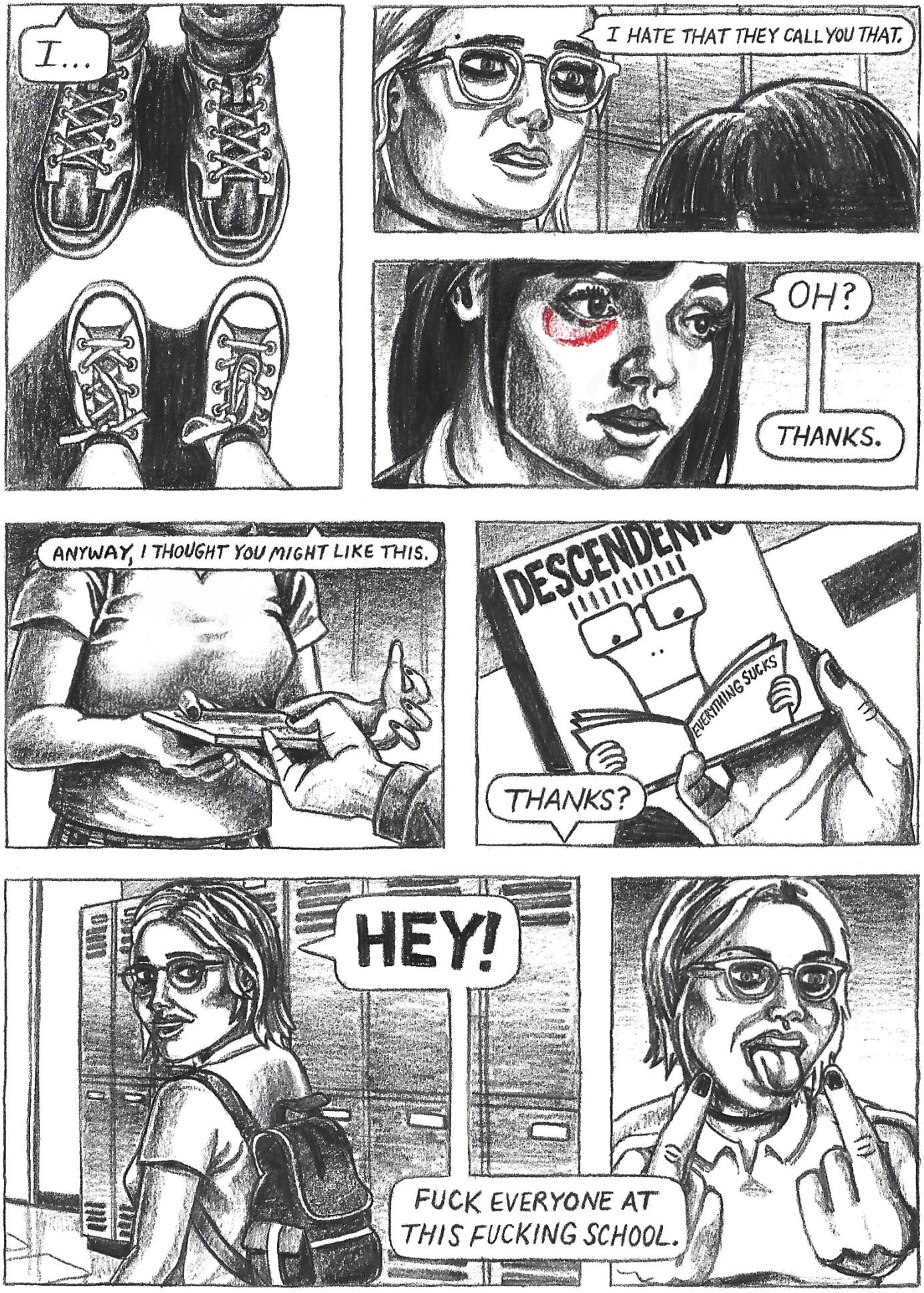
YOU'RE TEACHING YOUR KIDS TO REPEAT WHAT YOU DID

GROWING UP AS A DICKHEAD YOURSELF.

HOW MANY TIMES CAN A LITTLE KID

BE CALLED A FAG BEFORE HE'S

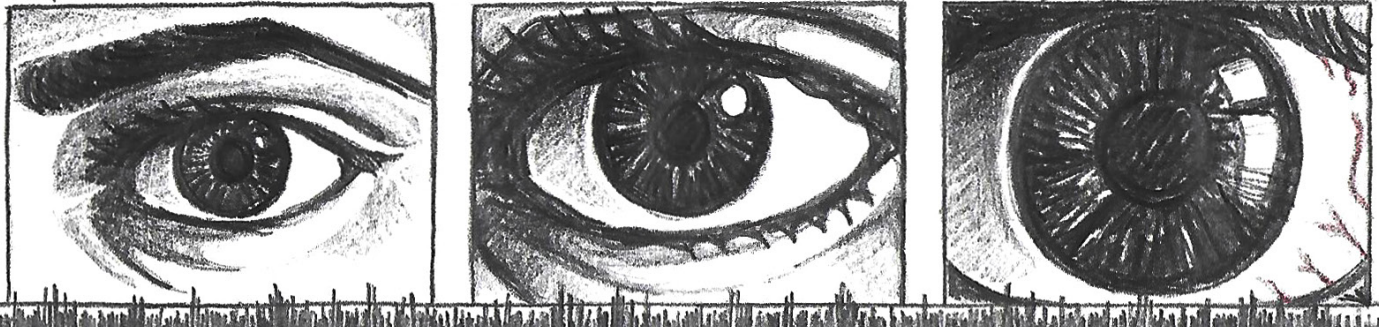

KILL YOURSELF FAGGOT
LOST HIS MIND AND TRIES
TO GET BACK AT EVERYONE...?
I CAN TELL YOUR FATHER HITS YOU.
WHA-?
OR YOUR MOTHER. BUT I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S YOUR FATHER. MY FATHER HITS MY MOTHER, BUT ONLY WHEN HE DRINKS. DOES YOUR FATHER DRINK?
THE FUCK...?
I FUCKING HATE MY FATHER, THE FUCKING PRICK. HE COULD DROP DEAD TOMORROW AND I WOULDN'T FEEL A FUCKING THING.
I DON'T CARE IF YOU TELL ANYONE THAT. I HATE THEM ALL ANYWAY. THEY CALL ME A SLUT. BUT I'M NOT. BUT IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF I WAS, 'CAUSE I'D BE A FUCKING SLUT IF I WANTED TO, NOT 'CAUSE THEY CALLED ME ONE, Y'KNOW?


I...
I HATE THAT THEY CALL YOU THAT.
OH?
THANKS.
ANYWAY, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THIS.
DESCENDENTS
EVERYTHING SUCKS
THANKS?
HEY!
FUCK EVERYONE AT THIS FUCKING SCHOOL.

"EVERYTHING SUX" - DESCENDENTS
EVERYTHING SUCKS (1996)

4/4

ff GOT UP THIS MORNING TO MAKE SOME COFFEE, | EVERYTHING SUCKS TODAY.

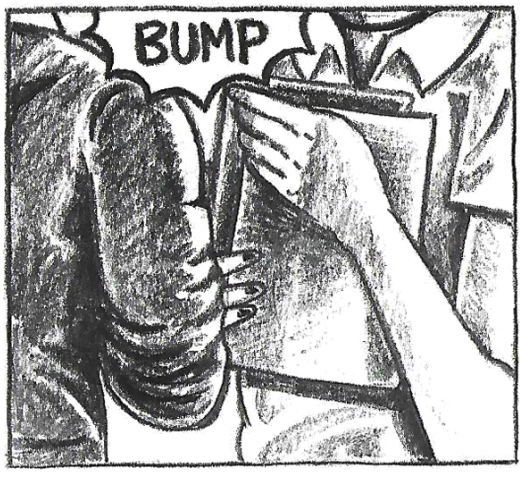


PRAYED SOMEONE HIRED A HITMAN TO OFF ME, | EVERYTHING SUCKS TODAY.

GOT UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF LIFE THIS MORNING | NOTHING TODAY IS GONNA GO MY WAY.
PTSCHH!
THE FUCK IS GOING ON UP THERE?
HOROSCOPE TOLD ME LIES THIS MORNING | I DON'T THINK ANYTHING IS GONNA –
PHEW.

CHAPTER 4

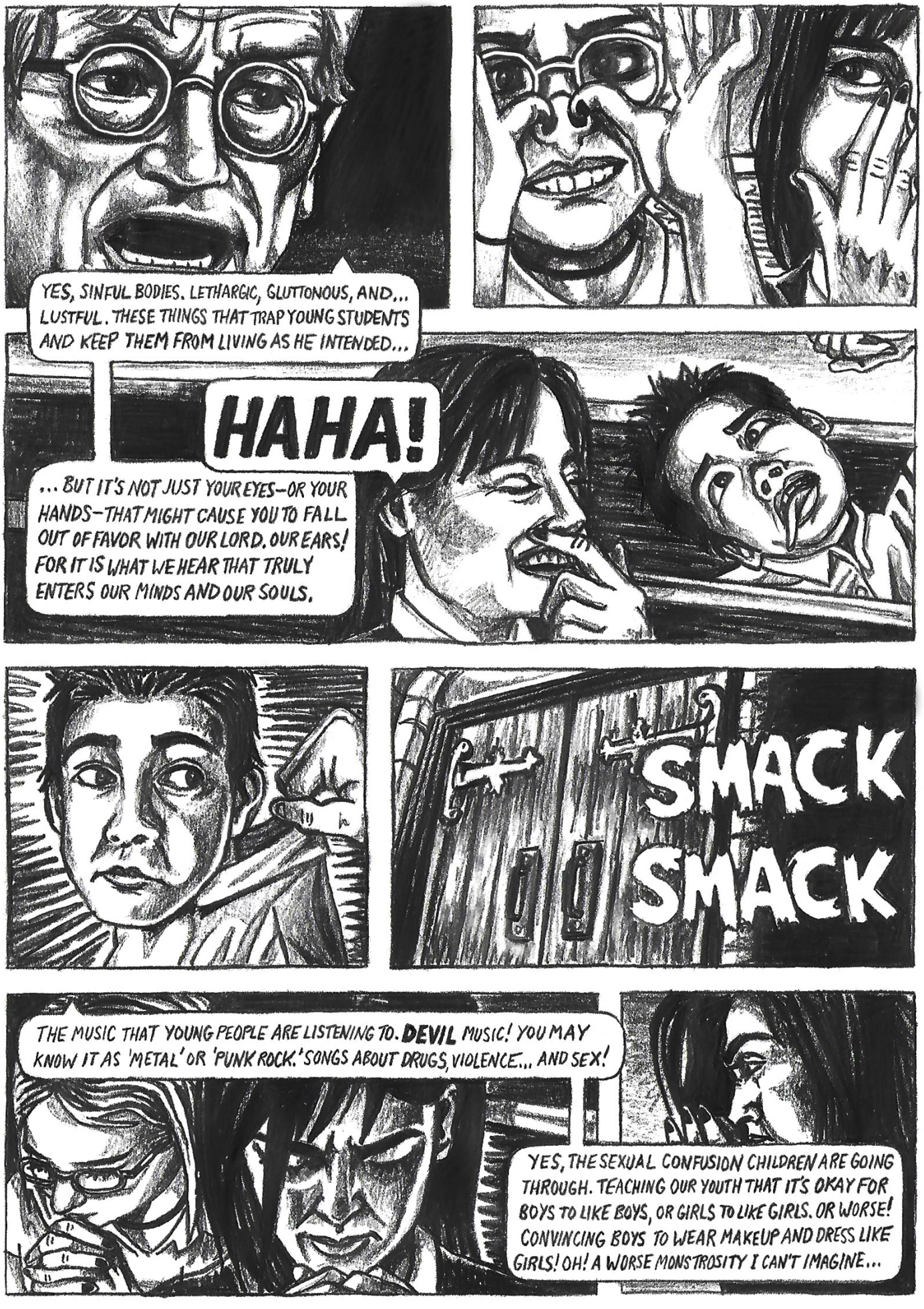
NEW GIRL/FUCK CHAPEL



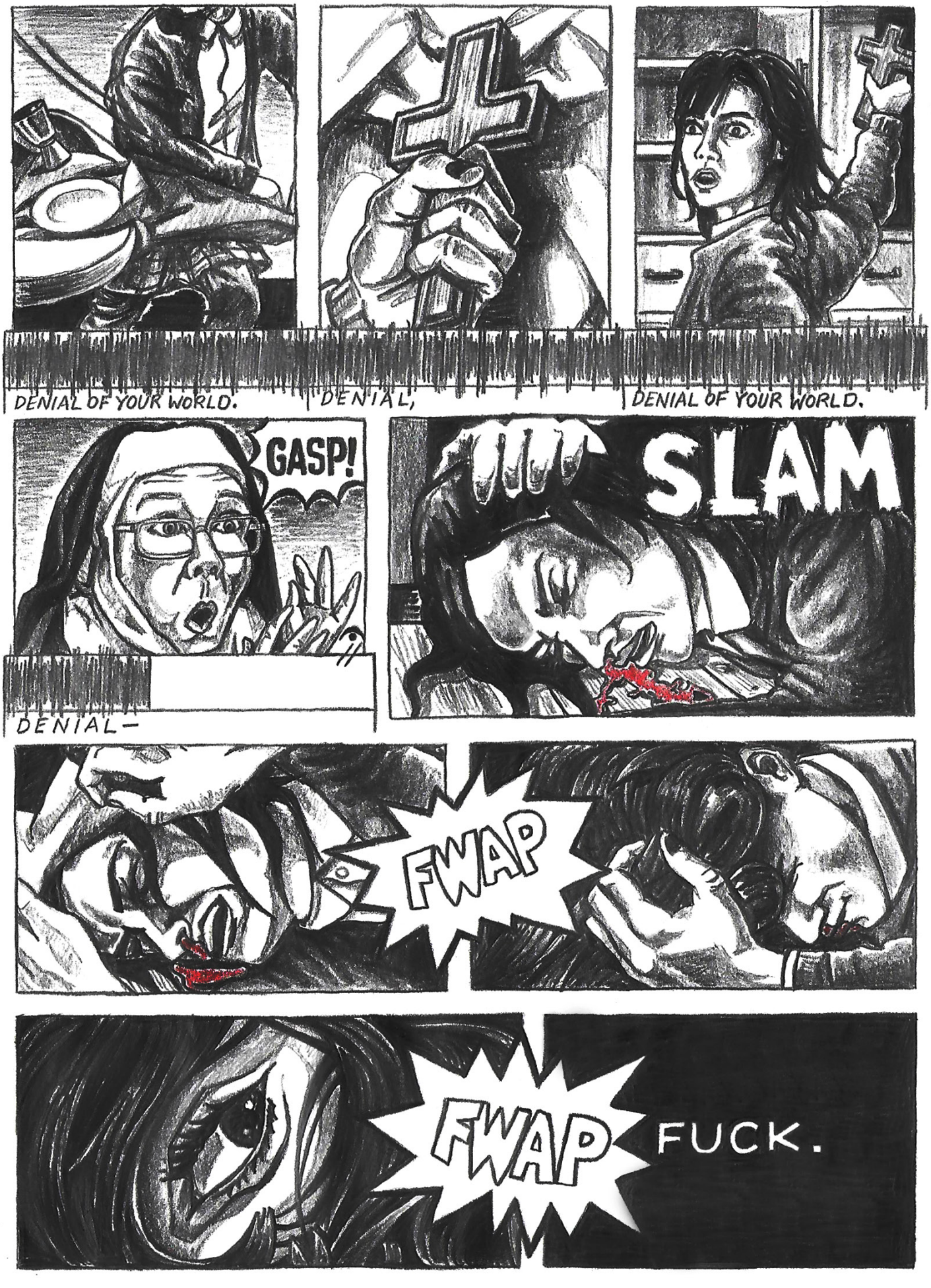
THANKS, UM, FOR THE MUSIC.
NAH, KEEP IT. IT'S SICK, RIGHT?
UM... REAL SICK!
HAHA YOU'RE FUNNY!
I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THAT BEFORE. THE... RUSH.
WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?
IT'S PUNK, GIRL! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE NEVER LISTENED TO PUNK BEFORE?
GOOD THING I STARTED YOU OFF WITH THAT. THESE WOULD'VE REALLY FREAKED YOU OUT.
FEED US.A. FETUS AME
ABORTIONS
THIS BLOOD'S FOR YOU.
MDC
MILLIONS OF DAMN CHRISTIAN
WHOA...

SMACK
YOU'RE LATE TO CHAPEL.
AND NO MUSIC ON THE PREMISES. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU TWO?
WE WERE-
HEY, FUCK YOU! THOSE ARE MINE!
YOU WANT ONE TOO? NOW GET TO CHAPEL BEFORE I CALL BOTH YOUR PARENTS.
LIKE MY DAD GIVES A SHIT. HE'S PROBABLY STILL PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH.

AS JESUS SAYS IN THE BOOK OF MATTHEW:
'IF YOUR RIGHT EYE CAUSES YOU TO SIN, GOUGE IT OUT AND THROW IT AWAY. IT IS BETTER FOR YOU TO LOSE ONE PART OF YOUR BODY THAN FOR YOUR WHOLE BODY TO BE THROWN INTO HELL.
THE FUCK...
AND IF YOUR RIGHT HAND CAUSES YOU TO SIN, CUT IT OFF AND THROW IT AWAY. IT IS BETTER FOR YOU TO LOSE ONE PART OF YOUR BODY THAN FOR YOUR WHOLE BODY TO GO INTO HELL.' THE WORDS OF A LOVING AND COMPASSIONATE GOD...
... AND WHAT DOES THE WORD OF THE LORD TELL US ABOUT HIS UNENDING COMPASSION?
... THAT EVEN IN SIN, HIS HOLY PRESENCE STILL ALLOWS OUR ASCENT INTO ALMIGHTY HEAVEN. ON CONDITION, OF COURSE. BECAUSE WE CANNOT HOPE TO REACH HEAVEN IN OUR SINFUL BODIES.
YOUR BODY'S A SIN.
SNICKERS


YES, SINFUL BODIES. LETHARGIC, GLUTTONOUS, AND... LUSTFUL. THESE THINGS THAT TRAP YOUNG STUDENTS AND KEEP THEM FROM LIVING AS HE INTENDED...
HAHA!
...BUT IT'S NOT JUST YOUR EYES—OR YOUR HANDS—THAT MIGHT CAUSE YOU TO FALL OUT OF FAVOR WITH OUR LORD. OUR EARS! FOR IT IS WHAT WE HEAR THAT TRULY ENTERS OUR MINDS AND OUR SOULS.
SMACK
SMACK
THE MUSIC THAT YOUNG PEOPLE ARE LISTENING TO. DEVIL MUSIC! YOU MAY KNOW IT AS 'METAL' OR 'PUNK ROCK.' SONGS ABOUT DRUGS, VIOLENCE... AND SEX!
YES, THE SEXUAL CONFUSION CHILDREN ARE GOING THROUGH. TEACHING OUR YOUTH THAT IT'S OKAY FOR BOYS TO LIKE BOYS, OR GIRLS TO LIKE GIRLS. OR WORSE! CONVINCING BOYS TO WEAR MAKEUP AND DRESS LIKE GIRLS! OH! A WORSE MONSTROSITY I CAN'T IMAGINE...

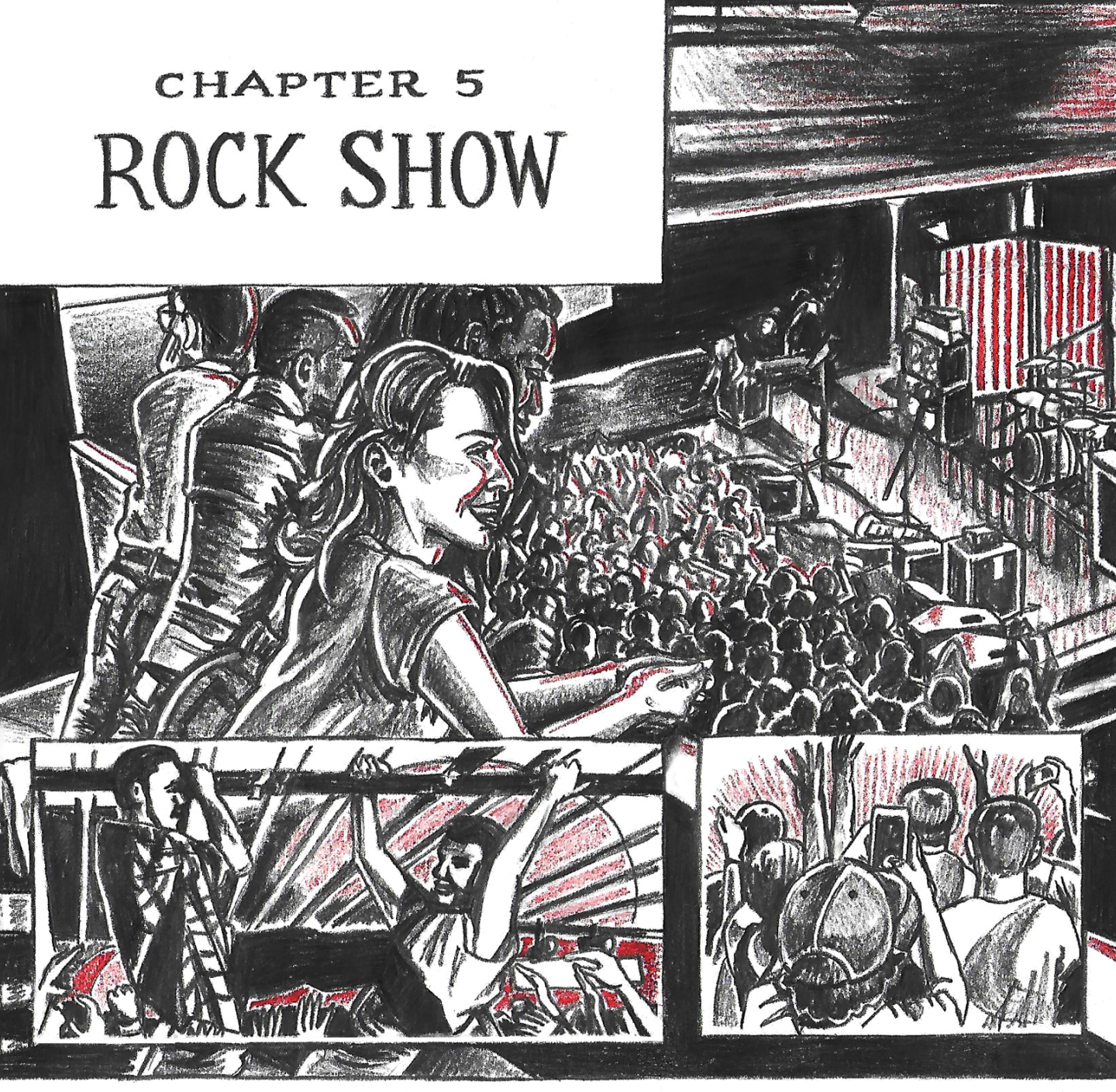
"DENIAL" - DEVIANT LOADING THE GUN (2019)
EEEEEEE
BELLICOSO
44
ff DISTRAUGHT AND SUFFERING,
KNELT LIKE A PRAYER.
SACRISTY
REACH OUT TO GOD,
KNOWING HE IS NEVER THERE.
RIP
DENIAL,
DENIAL OF YOUR WORLD.
DENIAL,


DENIAL OF YOUR WORLD.
DENIAL,
DENIAL OF YOUR WORLD.
GASP!
DENIAL—
SLAM
FWAP
FWAP
FUCK.

TAP TAP
SHIT, WHAT DID THEY-
MY DAD...
FUCK.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE ALRIGHT.
WELL I'M SURE FUCKING NOT!
SHIT, I'M SORRY, I...
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, IT'S ME. PRAYING...
REACHING OUT TO GOD, KNOWING HE'S NEVER THERE.
HEY, FUCK CHAPEL.
IT'S NOT JUST CHAPEL. EVERY NIGHT, I KNEEL AND PRAY-TO GOD, TO ANYONE-TO FUCKING FIX ME, OR KILL ME. BUT NO ONE ANSWERS. THERE'S NO ONE THERE...WHY DID HE MAKE ME THIS WAY?

MAY I...?
SHRUG
THERE'S ANOTHER REASON I CAME...
THERE'S SOMEWHERE I WANT TO TAKE YOU, SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL LIKE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
A PLACE WHERE IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO YOU ARE, WHO YOU LOVE, WHO YOU CHOOSE TO BE. WHERE EVERYONE IS ACCEPTED.
WHERE THOSE THAT FEEL DIFFERENT—WEIRD, ANXIOUS, DEPRESSED—WHERE WE CAN LET GO OF EVERYTHING. A PLACE THOSE NORMAL FUCKERS WOULDN'T DARE GO.
C'MON, THIS IS GONNA BE SOMETHING ELSE.

CHAPTER 5
ROCK SHOW

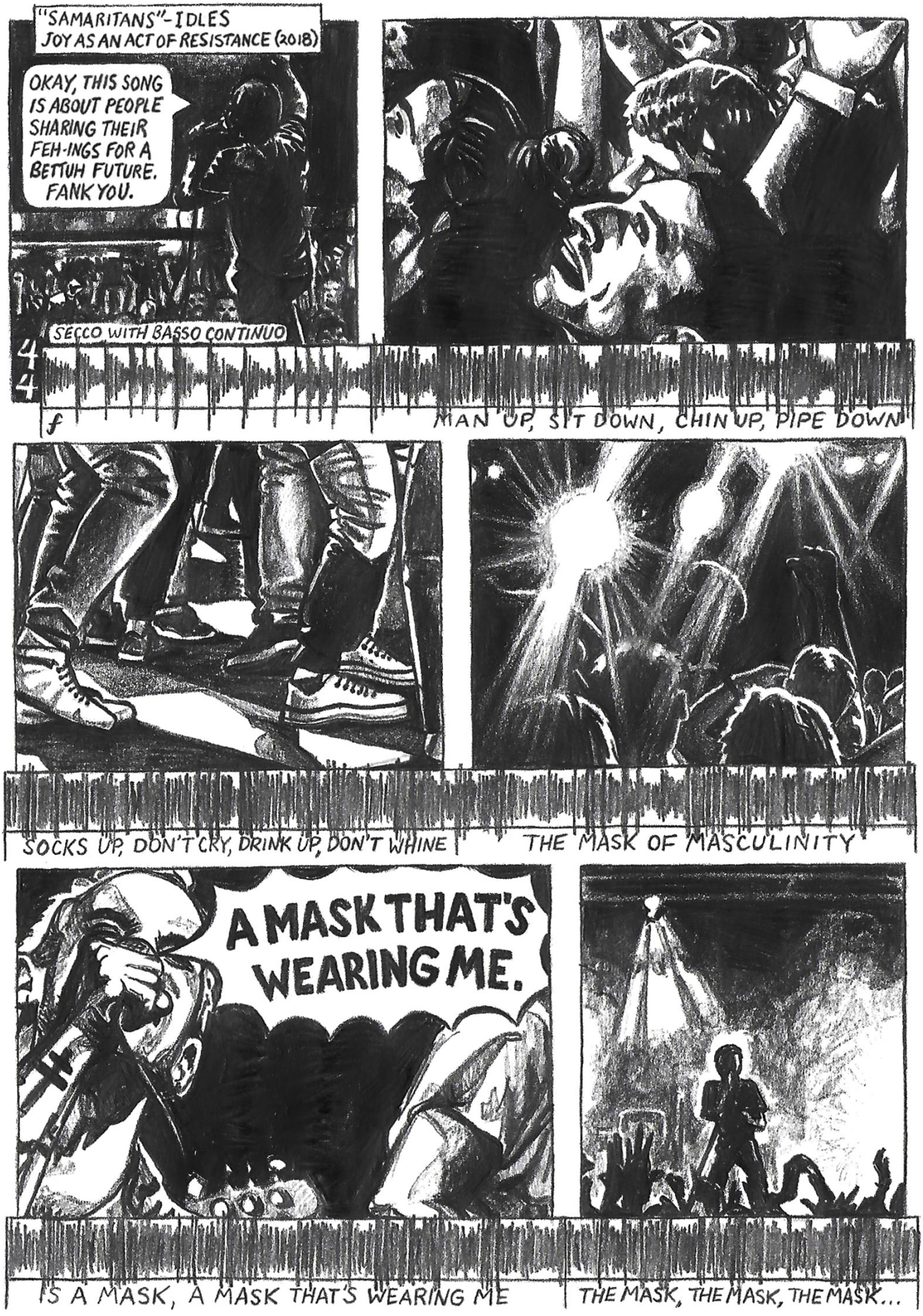


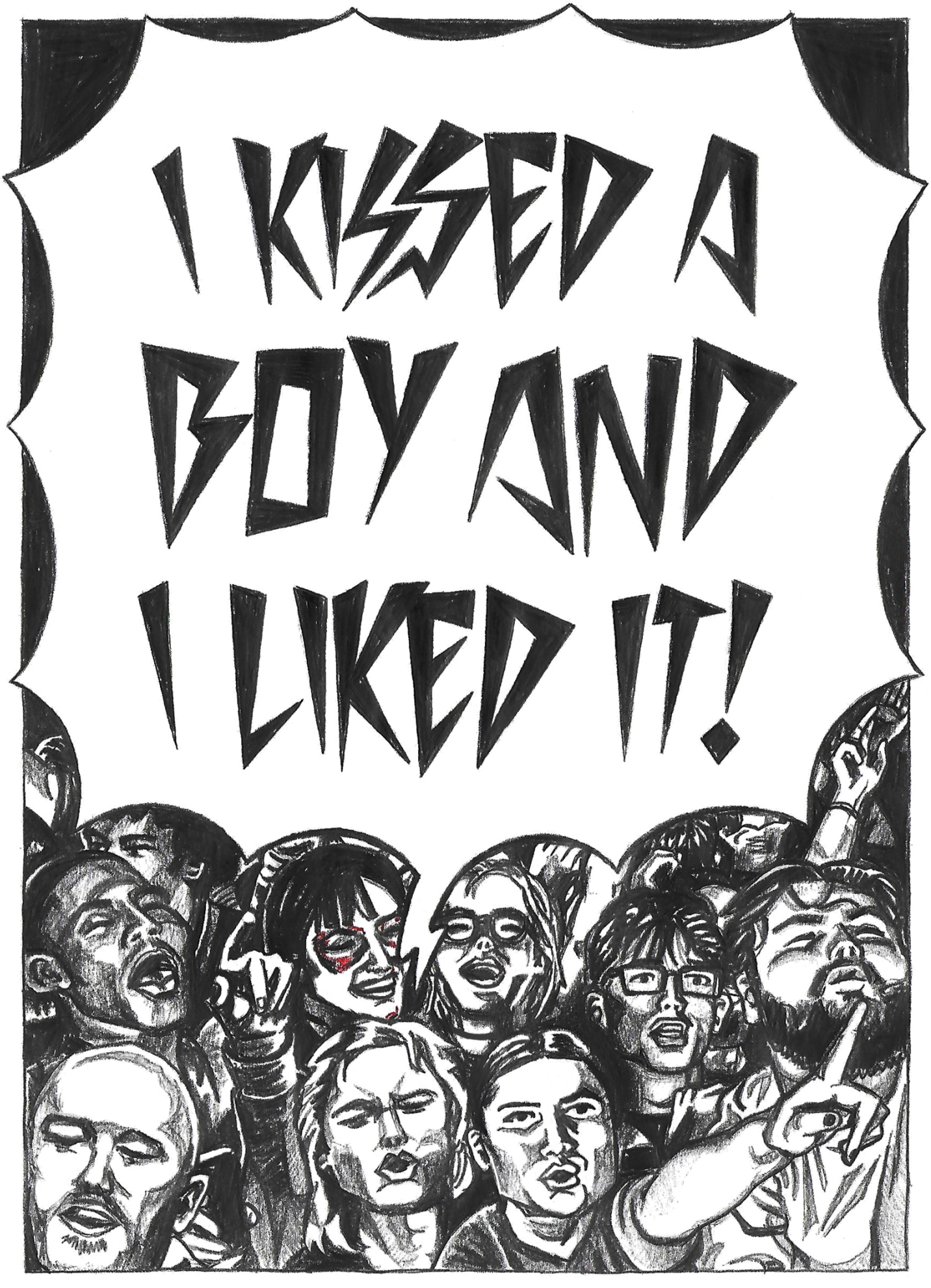
SO?!
WHAT?
WHAT?
I SAID WHAT!
WHAT? SO?
SO WHAT?!
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?
OHMYGOD IT'S STARTING!

WRANG
EEEIR
RAWGHT.
VRRR
AAHH!
GRAS
DUMM
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

FEELING THIS.

WOO!
WOO!
FANK YOU.
EMPATHY... IT'S A BEAU-EH-FOE FING. GENDUH TROPES ARE ONLY AS POIGNANT AS YOU ALLOW THEM TUH BE...
Y'KNOW, YOU JUS ERADICATE THE BOE-SHIT. YOU CANNOT APPLY CULLAH, AND STRENGF, OR SENSITIVITY, TO A BOY OR A GUL. WE ALL DESSUV TO FLOURISH IN WUT WE'RE GUD AT. AN' WE CAN ALL FOCUS ON OUR FLAWS AN' OUR STRENGFS—AND CELEBRATE LIVING, BEING.


"SAMARITANS"- IDLES
JOY AS AN ACT OF RESISTANCE (2018)
OKAY, THIS SONG IS ABOUT PEOPLE SHARING THEIR FEH-INGS FOR A BETTUH FUTURE. FANK YOU.
SECCO WITH BASSO CONTINUO
4/4
f
MAN UP, SIT DOWN, CHIN UP, PIPE DOWN
SOCKS UP, DON'T CRY, DRINK UP, DON'T WHINE
THE MASK OF MASCULINITY
A MASK THAT'S WEARING ME.
IS A MASK, A MASK THAT'S WEARING ME
THE MASK, THE MASK, THE MASK...


I KISSED A
BOY AND
I LIKED IT!

THIS IS WHY, THIS IS WHY, THIS IS WHY.
CLAP
YAY
WOO
SO?!
PANK
ISSUE 10
ANTON LAVEY
NICOLAS CLAUX
LUKE FORD
AND MORE!

CHAPTER 666
HAIL SATAN

SHUT UP!
BUT LIKE, IF I WAS, I WOULDN'T TELL YOU. I MEAN, A CANNIBAL WOULDN'T LET YOU KNOW THEY WERE A CANNIBAL. THEY'D PRETEND TO BE SOMEONE NORMAL LIKE YOU OR ME.
LIKE YOU...?
BUT ISN'T THAT FUCKING CRAZY? LIKE IF YOU KNEW SOMEONE YOUR WHOLE LIFE, AND THERE WAS THIS TOTALLY OTHER SIDE THEY HID FROM YOU THE WHOLE TIME. AND THEY DIDN'T SHOW IT, LIKE THEY NEVER LET ON AT ALL?
YEAH...
HEY, YOU WITH ME?
WHAT? OH, YEAH...
HAIL SATAN
GASP

HAHA, WHY ARE YOU SO JUMPY?
NOTHING. I MEAN, I'M NOT. I MEAN...
HAVE YOU HEARD OF ANTON LEVAY?
WHO?
ANTON LEVAY. IT SAYS HE LIKE, INVENTED "THE CHURCH OF SATAN".
I THOUGHT THAT WAS ALEISTER CROWLEY.
WHAT?
WELL THAT'S WHAT MY COUSIN TOLD ME.
NOT ACCORDING TO THIS. LOOK.
PANK
WAIT, YEAH I'VE HEARD OF THIS: "THE BLACK HOUSE... MOCK HOLY WAFERS WERE CONSECRATED BY INSERTION IN A NAKED WOMAN'S VAGINA."
DUDE, QUIET...
"...RATHER THAN CLEANSE THE CHILD OF ORIGINAL SIN, AS IN THE CHRISTIAN BAPTISM IMPOSING UNWARRANTED GUILT, WE GLORIFY HER NATURAL INSTINCTS AND INTENSIFY HER LUST FOR LIFE-"

HI GIRLS. PEACE BE WITH YOU.
AND WITH YOUR SPIRIT.
I BELIEVE I HAVE SOME ITEMS THAT BELONG TO YOU TWO.
SO WHAT, YOU GONNA LECTURE US?
AHEM... WHILE I DON'T APPROVE OF THIS UM... MUSIC... I BELIEVE THAT WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF GOD, AND THAT HOWEVER WE EXPRESS OURSELVES, IN HIS NAME, WE ARE DOING THE LORD'S WORK.
HEY, THAT'S PRETTY SICK OF YOU MR. MCNAMARA.
AND SICK IS...GOOD?
DUH.
THEN SICK! BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

WHAT A DORK.
IT WAS KINDA COOL THAT HE GAVE YOU YOUR STUFF BACK...
YEAH, 'CAUSE HE THINKS GOD WANTS HIM TO. HOW 'BOUT GIVING ME MY SHIT BACK 'CAUSE IT'S MY SHIT.
YEAH, RIGHT...
THINK ABOUT IT. THEY SAY GOD LOVES US, AND THEN TELL US WE'RE GOING TO HELL. IF I TELL A TEACHER TO GO TO HELL, I GET DETENTION - BUT IT'S FINE IF THE FUCKING POPE DOES IT. DOESN'T THAT SOUND LIKE BS?
NOT THIS. THESE GUYS PRACTICE WHAT THEY PREACH. NO RULES, NO GUILT.
JUST ANIMAL SACRIFICES.
NAH, I BET THEY DON'T REALLY DO THAT. THAT'S JUST MOVIE SHIT.
"I wanted to create a forum for the aliens, the misfits, so they might come together to use their differences to create positive impact on the world."

WOULDN'T IT BE SICK, THOUGH? TO BE ENCOURAGED TO BE WHO YOU WANT TO BE—BY A GOD THAT DOESN'T JUST LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU FOLLOW THE RULES...
...TO WEAR WHATEVER YOU WANT, TO FUCKING LOVE WHOEVER YOU WANT...
HEY! I LOST YOU AGAIN. WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
YOUR COUSIN... DOES HE KNOW WHERE TO FIND THESE PEOPLE?

"DEVIL'S WHOREHOUSE" – MISFITS WALK AMONG US (1982)
SHE WORKS AT THE DEVIL'S WHOREHOUSE...
ALEGRETTO VIVACE
4/4
f
SHE WORKS AT THE DEVIL'S WHOREHOUSE,
DID ANYONE CHECK TO SEE IF IT'S STILL OPEN?
THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION.
THEY'RE A RELIGION, THEY GOTTA BE OPEN. THEY'LL BE OPEN, RIGHT?
I DIDN'T SAY THEY'D BE OPEN.
SHE LOVES CARNALITY
IN HER HUMAN PIT OF LOVE,
WELL HELL, IF THEY'RE NOT OPEN-
IT'S LATE...
NO SHIT IT'S LATE, I HAD TO WAIT FOR MY PARENTS TO GO TO BED.
AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD TO BE SNEAKING OUT?
ENTRANCE INTO HERESY, WELL
WHEN I SIN, I SIN...

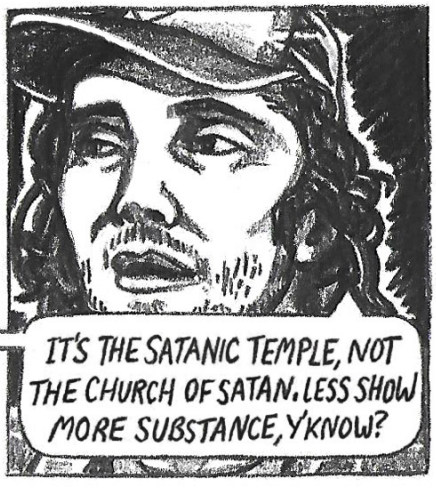
WELL WE DON'T HAVE A FUCKING CAR, DO WE?
X, DO YOU HAVE A CAR?
ME? NO. MY DAD HAS-
IT'S A VAN.
REAL GOOD.
WHEN I SIN, I SIN
FOR SURE...

CAR, VAN, SAME DIFFERENCE.
I DIDN'T HAVE TO DRIVE YOU.
NOO, C'MON DON'T BE LIKE THAT, YOU'RE MY ONLY RIDE.

THE BAND'S GONNA BE ON TOUR SOON, AND THE VAN WON'T BE AROUND.

IT SAYS THEY'RE STILL OPEN. 'THE SATANIC TEMPLE.' I THOUGHT THIS WAS A CHURCH.

IT IS A CHURCH.
IT'S A TEMPLE.
CHURCH, TEMPLE, SAME DIF-


IT'S THE SATANIC TEMPLE, NOT THE CHURCH OF SATAN. LESS SHOW MORE SUBSTANCE, Y'KNOW?

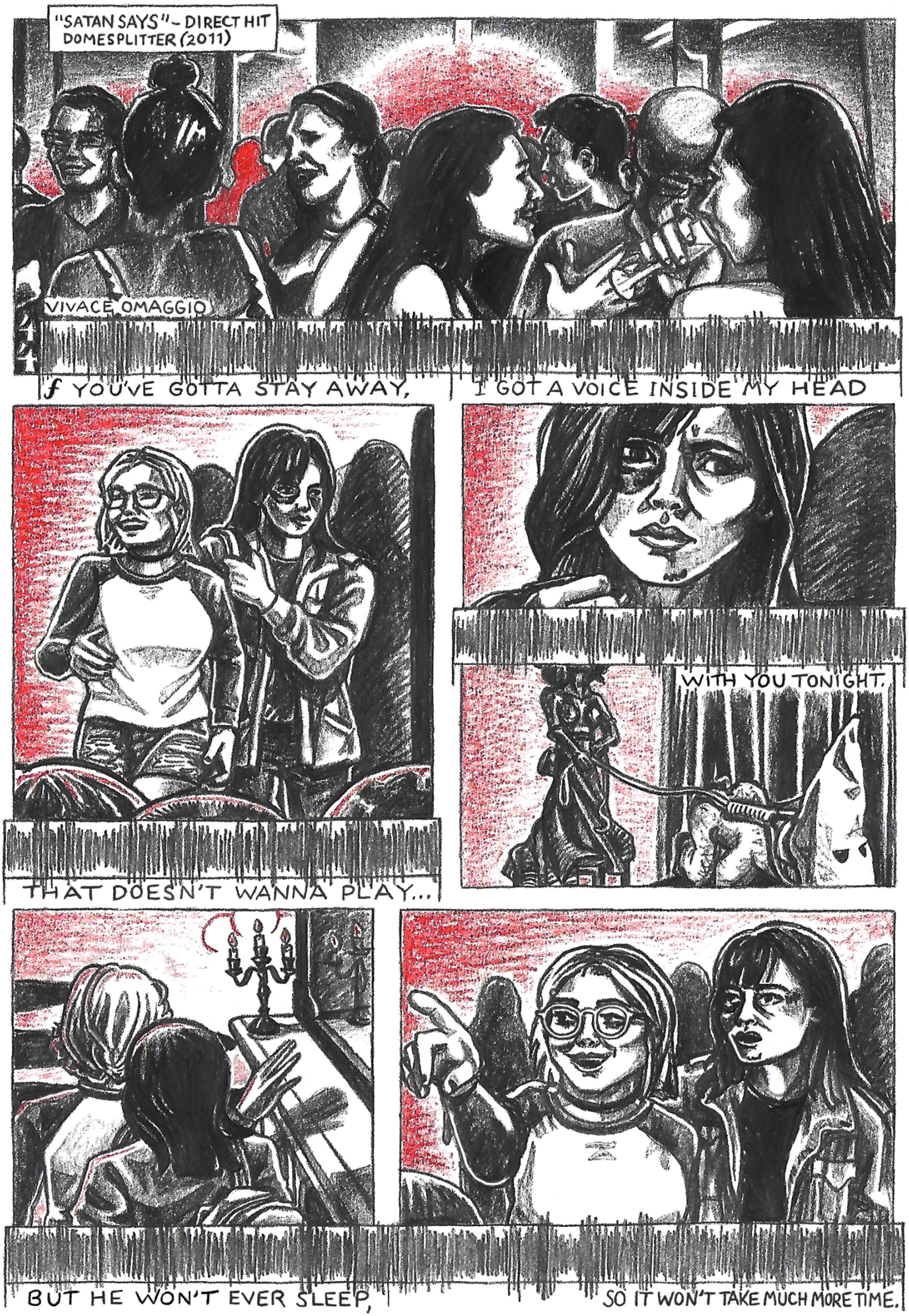
BUT THEY WORSHIP THE DEVIL?

THEY DON'T WORSHIP THE DEVIL.

LET ME BUM ONE OF THOSE.
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE SMOKING.
THE HELL I AM, I'M PRACTICALLY AS OLD AS YOU.
I'M STILL OLDER.
I'VE JUST AS MUCH RIGHT TO SMOKE AS YOU.
IT'S NOT ABOUT RIGHTS—
I KNOW MY RIGHTS. I HAVE AUTONOMY OVER MY BODY. NOT YOU. NOT ANYONE ELSE. AND I DON'T APPRECIATE YOU TELLING ME WHAT I CAN'T DO.
YOU DON'T GET IT.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
IT'S NOT AN ISSUE OF FREEDOM. IT'S A PHILOSOPHICAL ISSUE.

YOU THINK I LIKE SMOKING?
MY FATHER SMOKED -ALWAYS— DAY AND NIGHT. LIKE AIR. IT CONSUMED ME. SO, ON MY TWELFTH BIRTHDAY, I GRAB A PACK FROM THE KITCHEN DRAWER, AND I NEVER STOP.
SOME THINGS PEOPLE DO, THEY DO NOT BECAUSE THEY WANT TO, BUT BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE. WHEN THE PRIVILEGED PLACE THE BURDEN OF STRUGGLE ON THE VULNERABLE, TO PROTECT OURSELVES...
BUT THIS? THIS IS **MY** CHOICE. NOT A SOCIOLOGICAL CONDITION, BUT A FAILURE TO REJECT MY WORSE IMPULSES.
IF THERE'S ONE THING I KNOW, IT'S THIS: TO REJECT **EVERYTHING** IS THE ONLY WAY TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOURSELF.

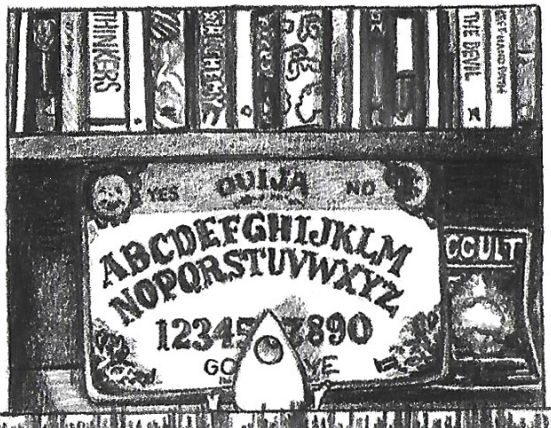
SCREECH
JESUS RICK!
SORRY, WE'RE HERE.
THIS IS IT?
THE SATANIC TEMPLE
THIS IS IT.

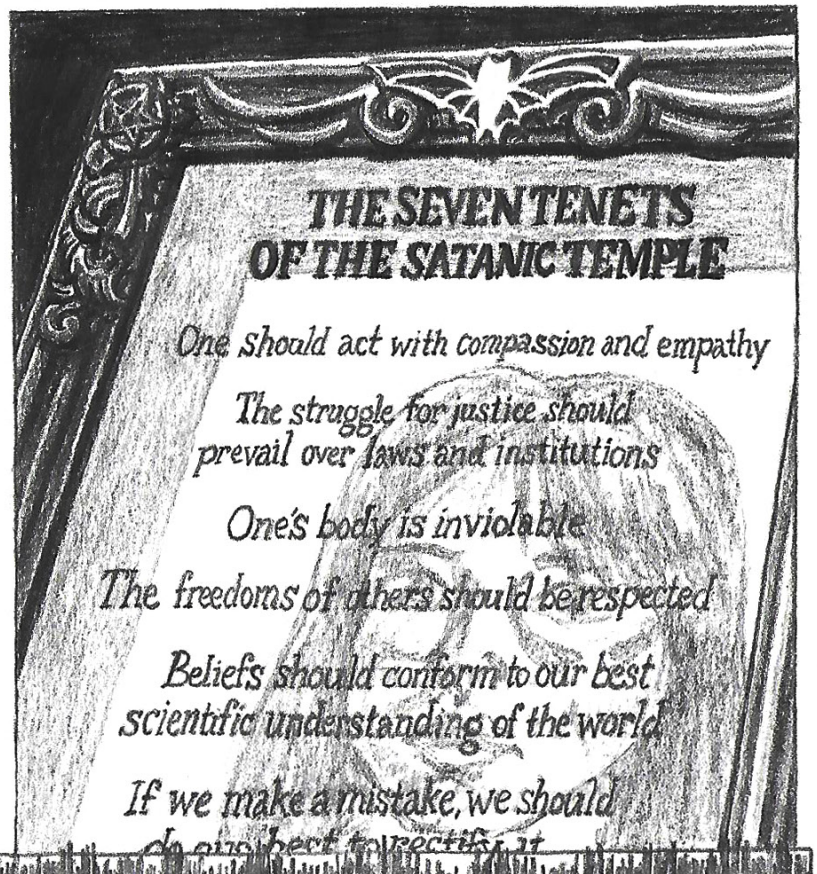

"SATAN SAYS" ~ DIRECT HIT
DOMESPLITTER (2011)
VIVACE OMAGGIO
If YOU'VE GOTTA STAY AWAY,
I GOT A VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD
WITH YOU TONIGHT.
THAT DOESN'T WANNA PLAY...
BUT HE WON'T EVER SLEEP,
SO IT WON'T TAKE MUCH MORE TIME.

HE GIVES ME SUPER POWERS
CLICK
LIKE THE WIZARDS IN TWIN TOWERS.
BIG THANKS FOR THE VASE OF FLOWERS!
SURE, I'VE GOT 10 MINUTES, BUT IT'S NOT FOR HOURS.

WE'RE ALIGNING PLANETS TOO,

THAT'S HOW YOU CALL CTHULU.





NO, I'M NOT LYING TO YOU,

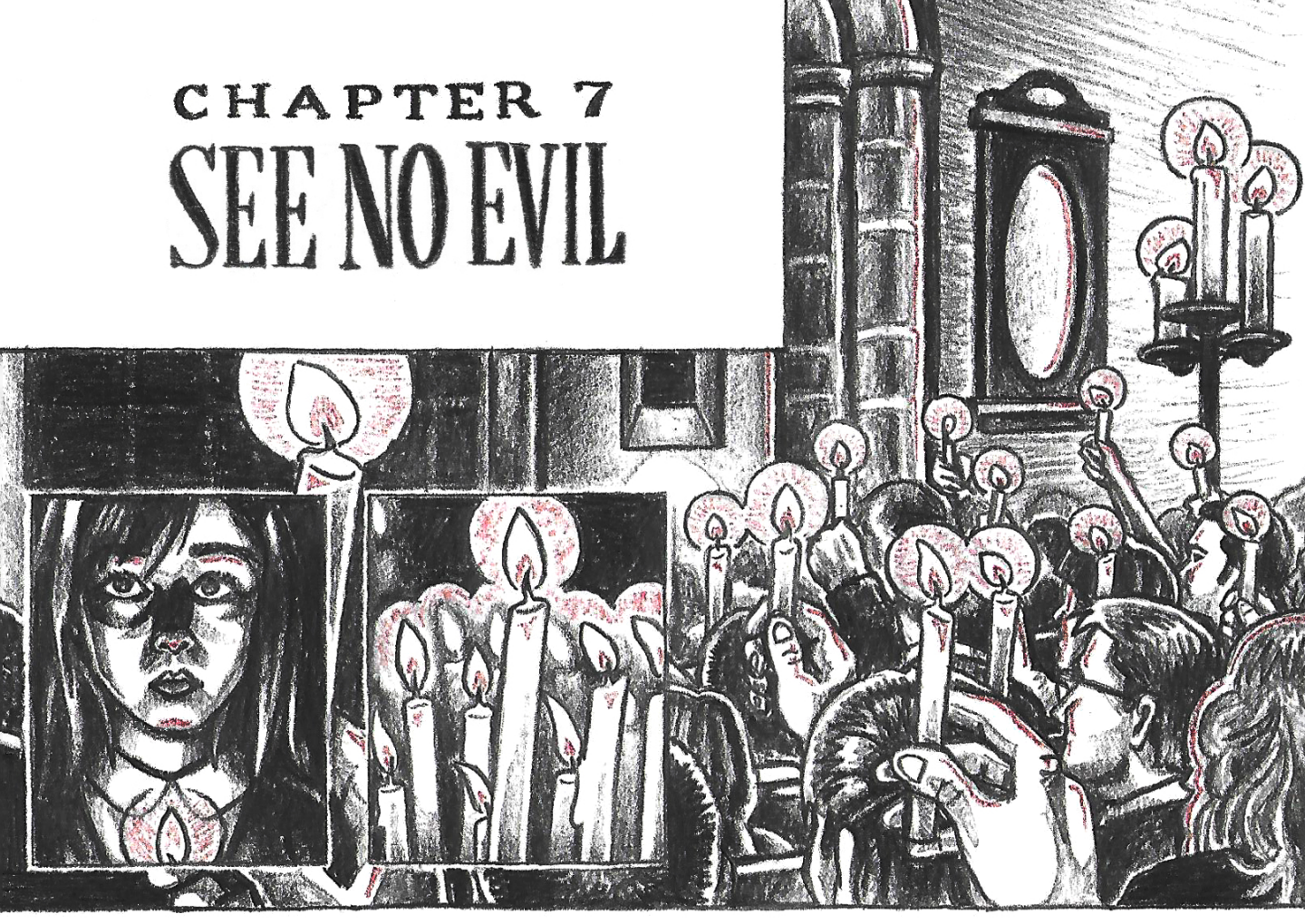
WAIT A GODDAMN MINUTE, DON'T PUSH THE ISSUE.

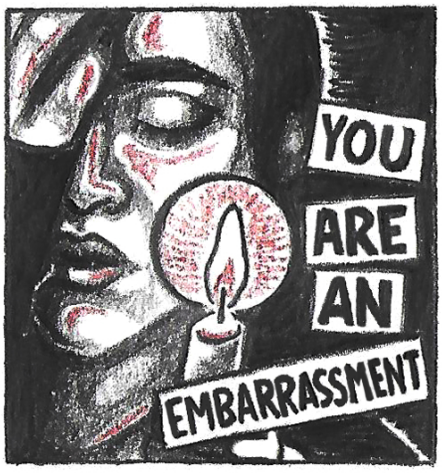
WOO!
...THAT'S LIKE SAYING YOU CAN'T BE SURE THERE ISN'T A FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER IN THE SKY...
...OH THEY CAN GO FUCK THEMSELVES...
NOOO. NO—
HE WAS WELL-SPOKEN, WELL-READ—
HE WAS MANIPULATIVE.
WELL HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.
OF COURSE. BUT PEOPLE FORGET HE WAS A HARDCORE REPUBLICAN.
BUNDY WAS?
OH YEAH. THAT RAPE CULTURE—IT WAS ALL RIGHT-WING BULLSHIT. THAT'S WHY ALL HIS VICTIMS WERE YOUNG WOMEN.
TAP
?

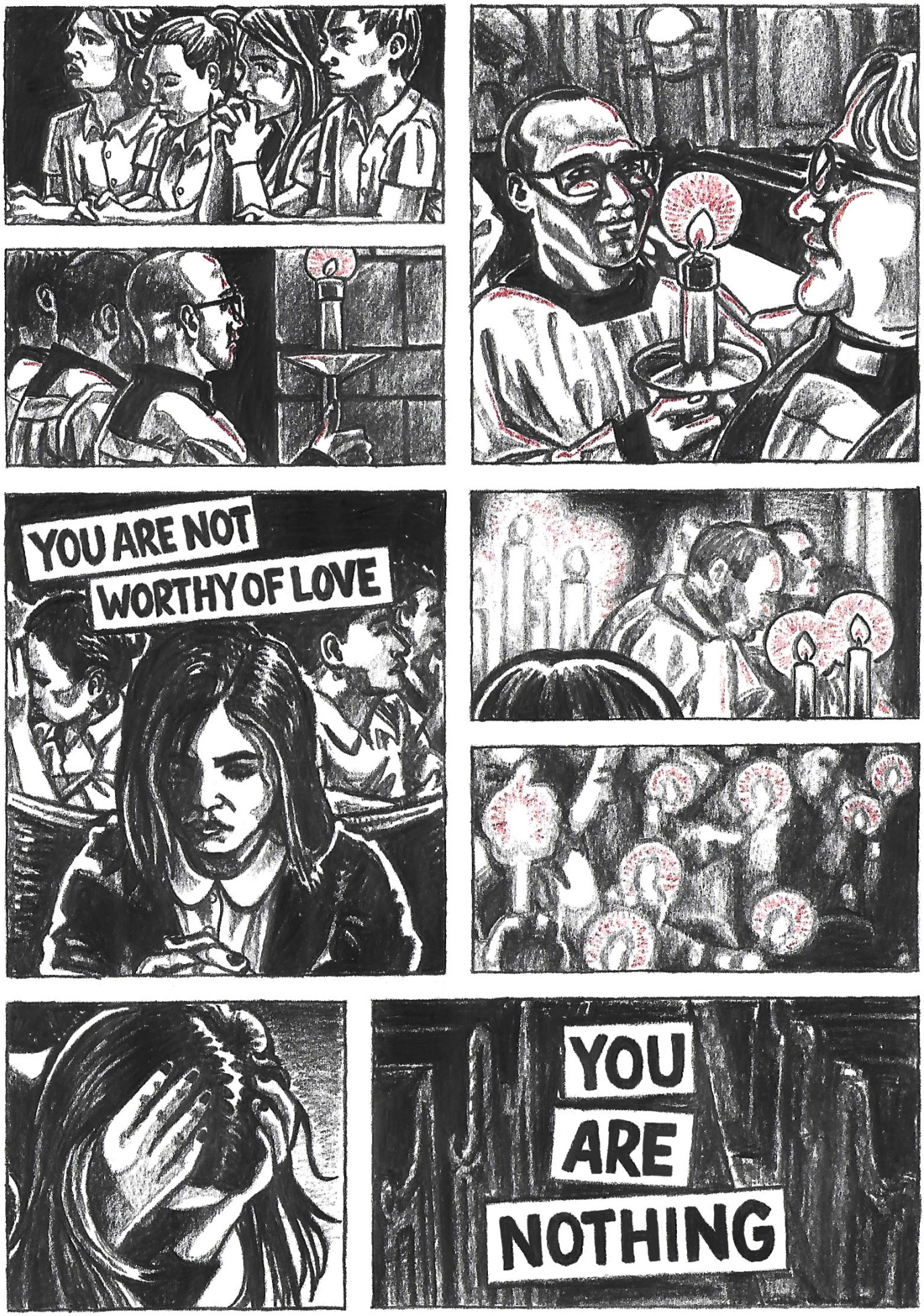
THEY'RE HONORING YOU TONIGHT.
WHAT?
FRIENDS OF SATAN,
WE HAVE A SPECIAL GUEST TONIGHT.
WE'VE HEARD WHERE YOU'VE COME FROM, AND WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH.
WE KNOW IT HASN'T BEEN EASY. BUT WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE JOINING US HERE TONIGHT.

SATAN—THE REBELLIOUS ANGEL, THE CURIOUS SNAKE—SOUGHT TO FILL THE WORLD WITH KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING.
CLAP
YEAH!
CLAP
IT IS WHY WE ENCOURAGE EMPATHY AND UNDERTAKE NOBLE PURSUITS GUIDED BY THE INDIVIDUAL WILL. WHY WE HONOR THE FIGHT FOR EQUALITY FOR OUR TRANS, GENDERQUEER, AND NON-BINARY FRIENDS,
A PURSUIT THAT WILL TAKE COMMITMENT FROM ALL OF US.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHY WE'RE HERE TONIGHT. TONIGHT IS A CELEBRATION! A CELEBRATION OF OUR SIMILARITIES AND OF OUR DIFFERENCES.
FRIENDS OF SATAN, RAISE YOUR CUPS AND REPEAT AFTER ME: YOU ARE SEEN.
YOU ARE SEEN.
YOU ARE HEARD.
AND YOU. ARE NOT...
ALONE.
AND SO WE ASK: FOR THOSE WHO CHOOSE TO DO EVIL TO THIS CHILD, LET EVIL BEFALL IN RETURN.

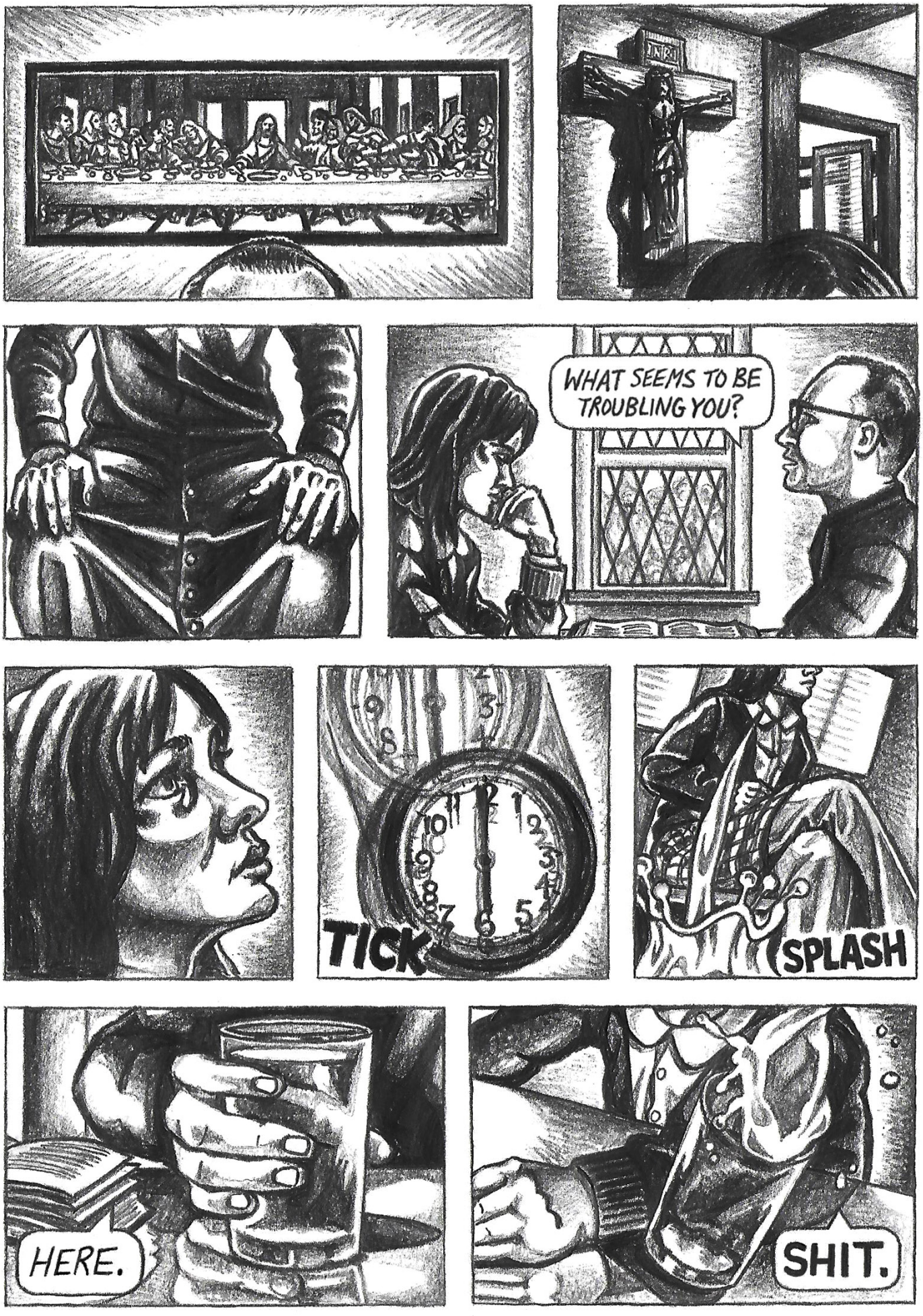
CHAPTER 7
SEE NO EVIL






YOU ARE NOT
WORTHY OF LOVE
YOU
ARE
NOTHING

LATER...
MISTER... MR. MCNAMARA?
MY GOSH!
I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE. WHY AREN'T YOU IN CLASS?
I... I CAN'T. I MEAN, I JUST WANTED TO BE ALONE...
MY CHILD, COME WITH ME.


INRI
WHAT SEEMS TO BE TROUBLING YOU?
TICK
SPLASH
HERE.
SHIT.

I MEAN, DRAT!
THAT ONE WILL JUST BE BETWEEN YOU AND ME.
YOUR BIBLE...
CHAP. IIII
VILE
FIRE
DEATH
I'VE OTHER BIBLES.
THEY SAY A MAN-OR WOMAN-WHO LOSES THEMSELVES IN A GOOD BOOK WILL NEVER FEEL TRULY ALONE.
REVELATIONS, CHAPTER SIX...

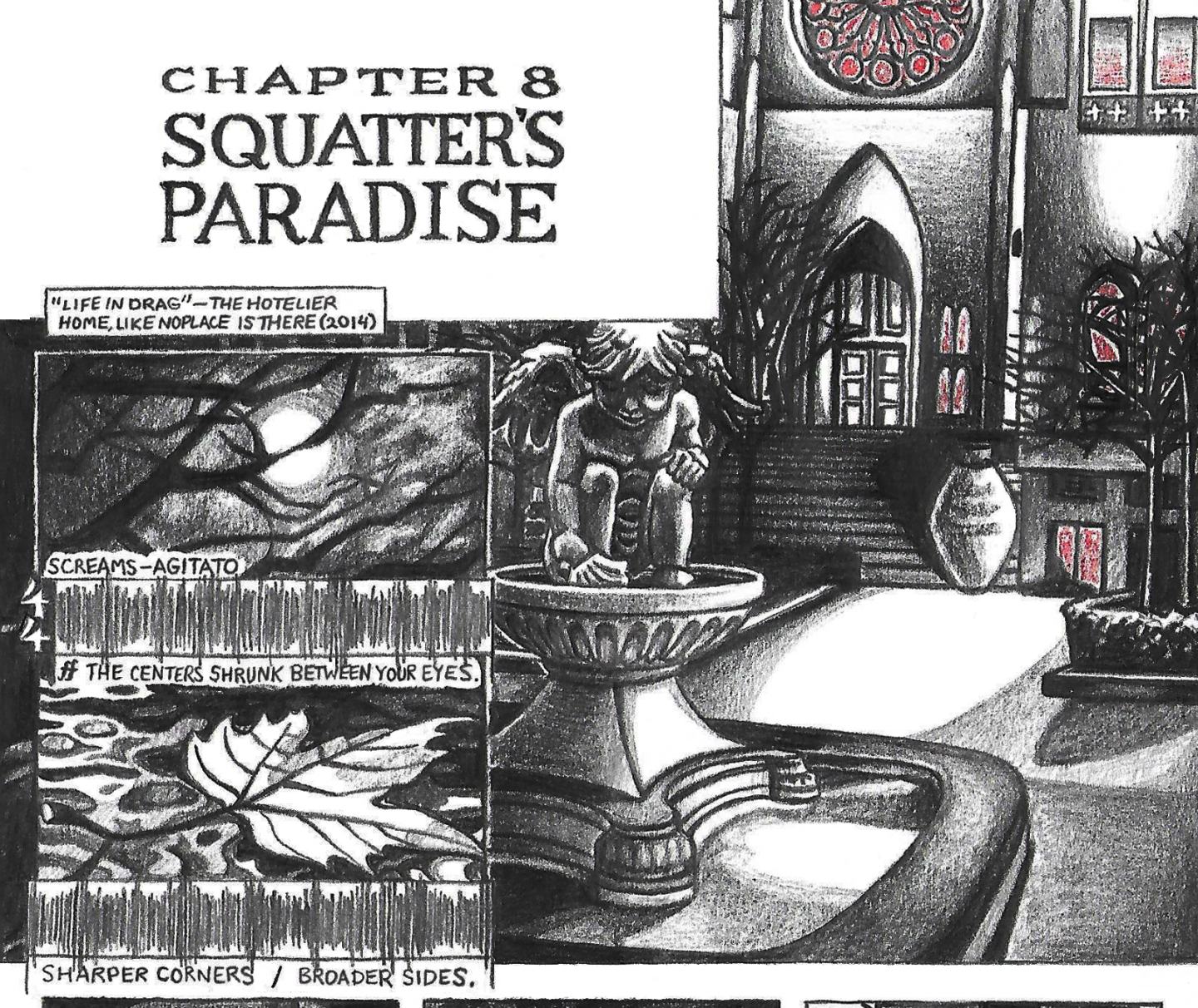
"...WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE FOURTH SEAL, I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE CREATURE SAY 'COME!' I LOOKED, AND THERE BEFORE ME WAS A PALE HORSE!
ITS RIDER WAS NAMED DEATH, AND HADES WAS FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND HIM. THEY WERE GIVEN POWER OVER A FOURTH OF THE EARTH TO KILL BY SWORD, FAMINE AND PLAGUE, AND BY THE WILD BEASTS OF THE EARTH."
NOT BAD, HUH? GIVE IT A READ SOMETIME.
MY CHILD... IT'S LONELINESS, IS IT?

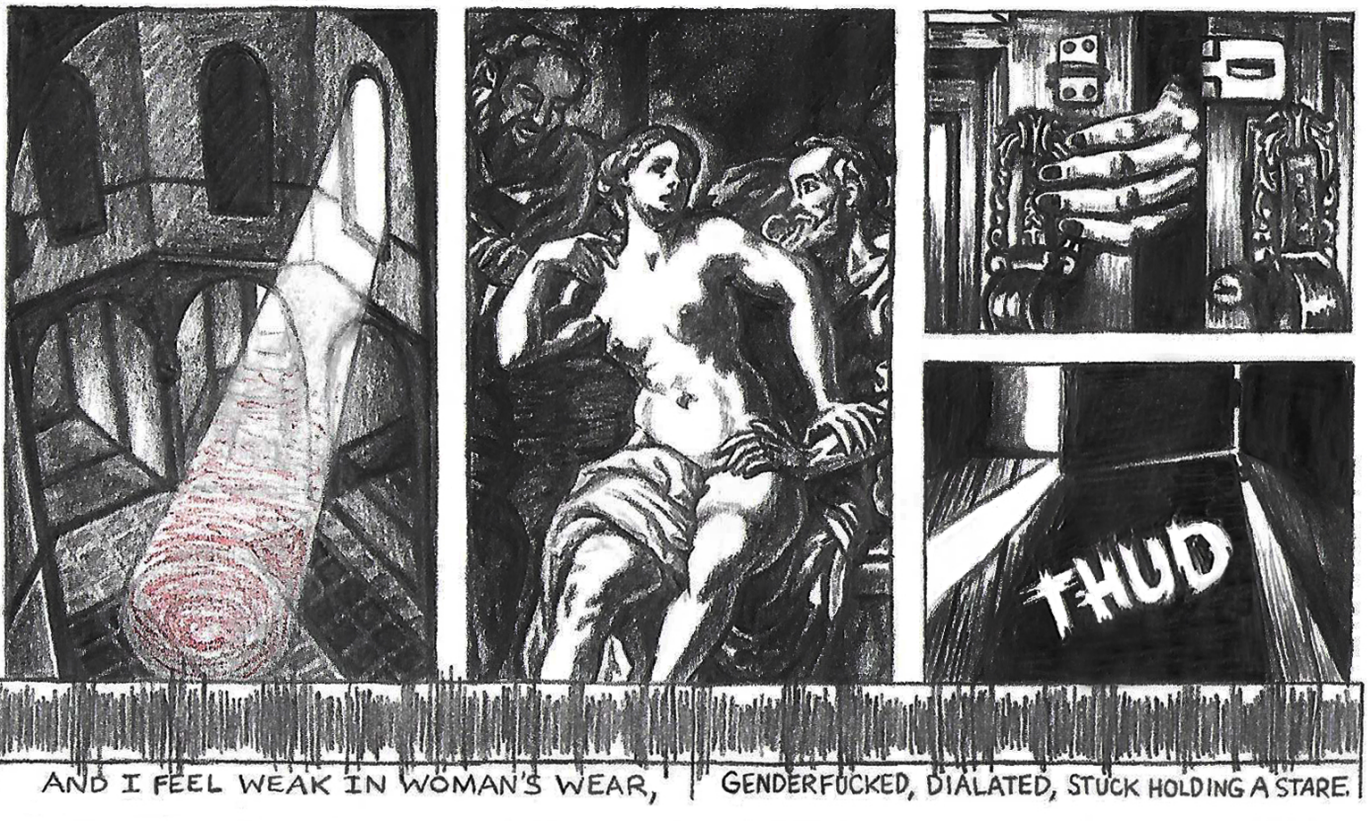
YES—I MEAN NO. IT'S NOT ONLY THAT. IT'S...MORE COMPLICATED...
COMPLICATED HOW?
WELL, FUCK! JUST LOOK AT ME—I'M COMPLICATED! MY FEET ARE TOO BIG, MY SIDES ARE TOO BROAD, TOO...MANLY. I FEEL WEAK, LIKE I'M CARRYING A BODY THAT ISN'T MINE.
TRUDGING AS IF THROUGH MUD WITH THIS VERSION OF MYSELF THAT ISN'T ME. OR LIKE CARRYING A PILE OF CLOTHING. JUST A COSTUME FOR DRESS, TO PLAY WITH LIKE A PUPPET.
AND WHAT ELSE?
AND THE EYES THAT FOLLOW ME... WHEREVER I GO. DECONSTRUCTING ME, PUTTING ME BACK TOGETHER HOW THEY SEE FIT. BECAUSE I'M NOT HOW THEY EXPECT ME TO BE...
THAT MUST SCARE THEM.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE SCARY!

WHAT I MEAN IS, PEOPLE ARE OFTEN SCARED OF WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW—WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. IT DOESN'T MAKE IT RIGHT, BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN WHAT THEY'RE AFRAID OF IS ANYTHING TO BE SCARED OF AT ALL.
BUT YOU?
ME?
YOU'RE NOT AFRAID?
OF COURSE NOT. I SEE ALL MY STUDENTS AS CHILDREN OF GOD. AND YOU ARE NO DIFFERENT.
ACTUALLY, YOU ARE DIFFERENT.
YOU'RE... SPECIAL LIKE A DREAM.
MR. MCNAMARA?
SOMETHING THAT COMES ABOUT ONLY ONCE. SOMETHING FLEETING...
SOMETHING YOU MIGHT LOSE IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL ENOUGH TO CATCH IT.
MISTER—

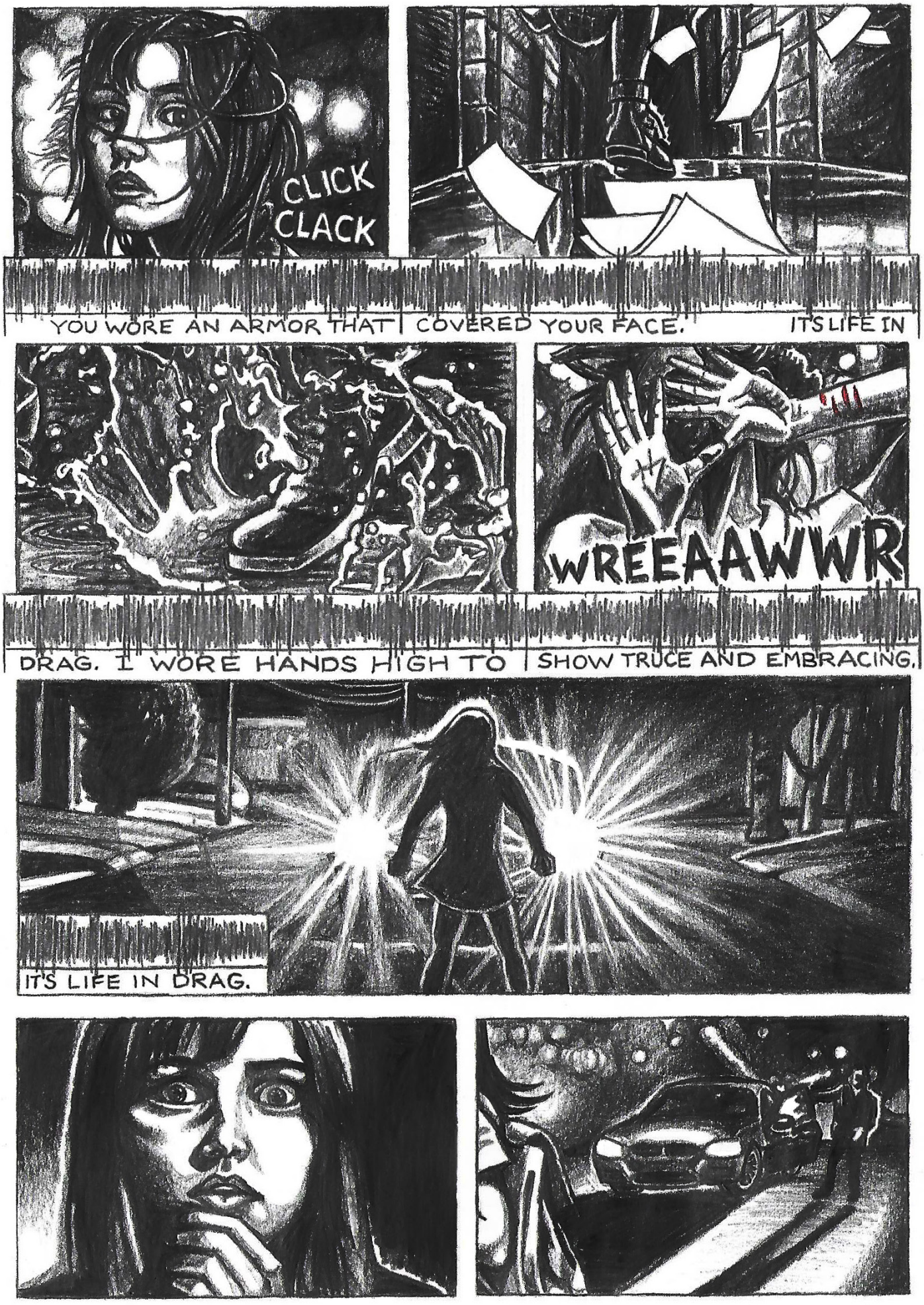
BUT YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO BE CAUGHT. NO—YOU'RE MEANT TO BE SEEN, TO BE HEARD...
TO BE LOVED...
DON'T WORRY.
YOU...
ARE NOT...
...ALONE.

CHAPTER 8
SQUATTER'S PARADISE





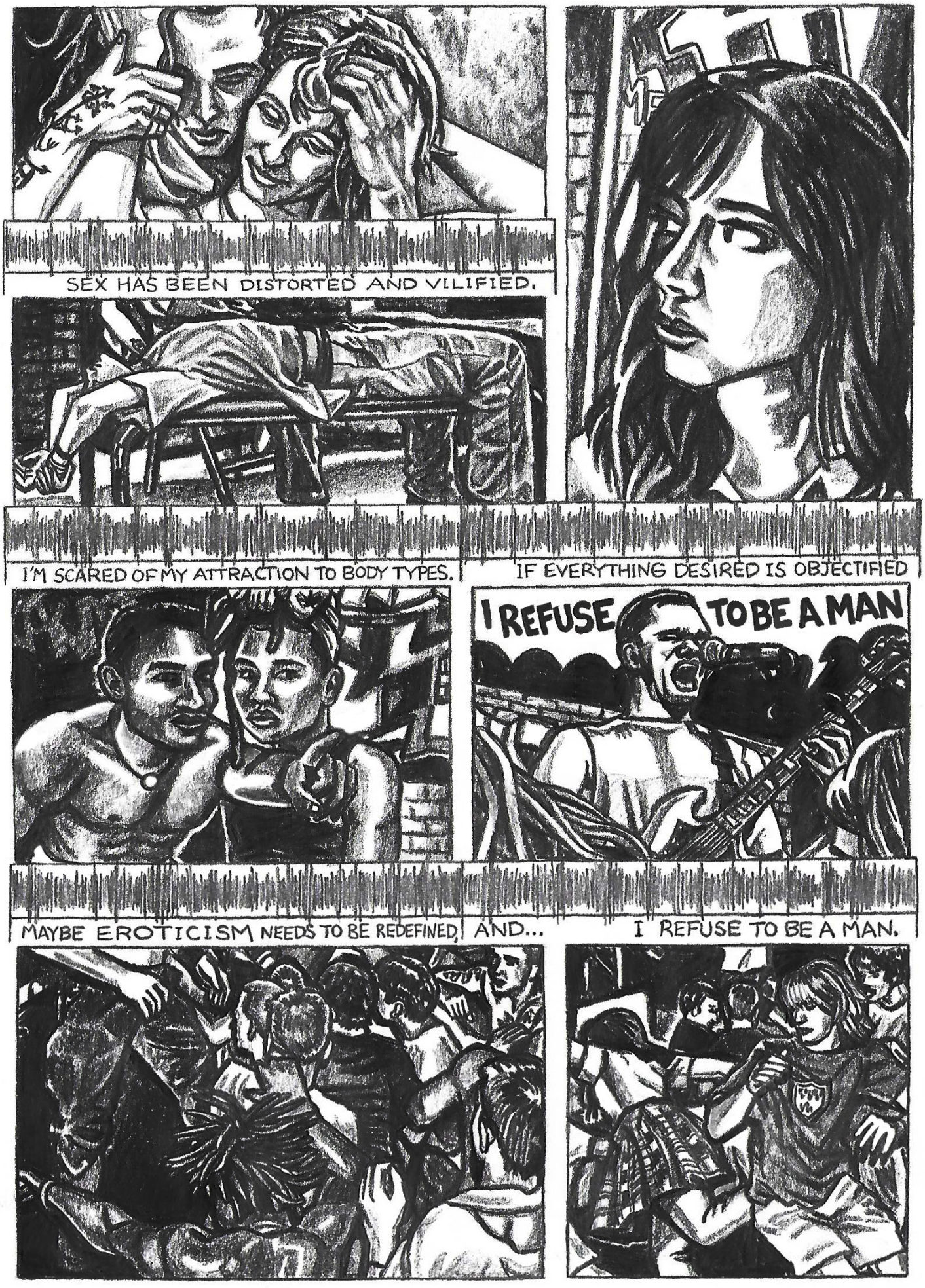
YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO GUARD MYSELF,
TO KEEP MY HEART UNSCATHED IN HEALTH.
SHIT
I THINK YOU GOT CARRIED AWAY.
REACHED OUT YOUR HAND, IT CARRIED YOU >
7
8
mf AWAY.
WELL IT'S LIFE IN DRAG.


CLICK CLACK
YOU WORE AN ARMOR THAT COVERED YOUR FACE. IT'S LIFE IN
WREEAAWWR
DRAG. I WORE HANDS HIGH TO SHOW TRUCE AND EMBRACING.
IT'S LIFE IN DRAG.

RUSTLE

AAAAAA

THIS SONG IS CALLED "REFUSING TO BE A MAN," AND IT'S ABOUT REEVALUATING GENDER ROLES IN SOCIETY.
AND ONE OF THE WAYS I DISCOVERED TO REEVALUATE THINGS WAS BY FINALLY SHUTTING UP AND LISTENING FOR A CHANGE.
"REFUSING TO BE A MAN"—PROPAGANDHI LESS TALK, MORE ROCK (1996)
YEAH
ANDANTINO
f DON'T TELL ME THIS IS NATURAL, THIS IS NURTURING.
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SEXISM AND SEXUALITY.
I HAD DIFFERENT DESIRES PRIOR TO MY ROLE-REMODELING.
AND AT SIX YEARS OF AGE, YOU DON'T CHALLENGE THEIR CLAIMS, YOU BECOME THE SAME.


SEX HAS BEEN DISTORTED AND VILIFIED.
I'M SCARED OF MY ATTRACTION TO BODY TYPES.
IF EVERYTHING DESIRED IS OBJECTIFIED
I REFUSE TO BE A MAN
MAYBE EROTICISM NEEDS TO BE REDEFINED, AND...
I REFUSE TO BE A MAN.

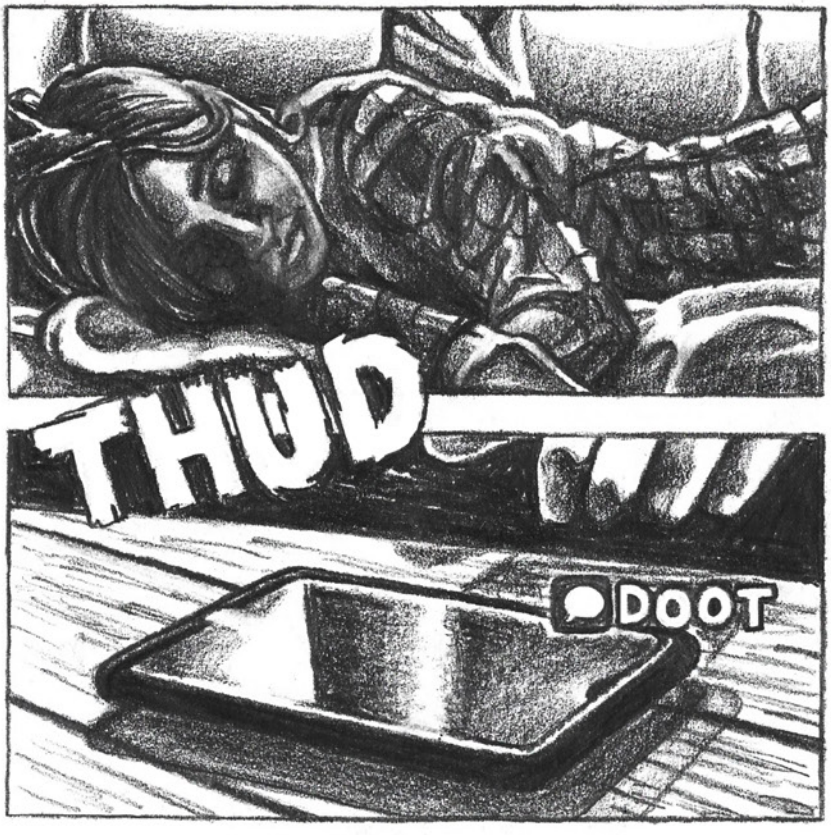
THANKS—
PARIS. YOURSELF?
X...
SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, X? RUN AWAY FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL?
NO...I MEAN, YES, BUT—
WE DON'T NEED NO MORE RICH KIDS RUNAWAY FROM MOMMY AND DADDY 'CAUSE "LIFE'S TOO HARD." THIS IS A COMMUNITY FOR REAL PEOPLE WITH REAL PROBLEMS.
SO YOU THINK YOU WANNA PLAY "REAL LIFE" FOR A CHANGE? THAT IT?
I...

TELL ME X, ARE YOU A PRISONER?
A WHAT...?
A PRISONER. A HOSTAGE OF BINARY EXPECTATIONS. FORCED TO WALK THIS EARTH AS SOMETHING YOU'RE NOT. TO SUFFER IN YOUR OWN SKIN... A SOUL BORN IN A BODY THAT ISN'T YOURS?
ARE YOU-?
YES. AND YOU, MY LOVE...
...HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

...AND WHEN DID YOU KNOW?
HONEY I ALWAYS KNEW. HAVEN'T YOU?
WHEN I TELL THEM THOUGH—THAT'S WHEN THEY THREW ME OUT. THIRTEEN YEARS OLD. YOU IMAGINE THROWING A GIRL OUT ON THE STREETS WHEN SHE'S JUST THIRTEEN?
WHY DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE POLICE?
OH, THAT REAL FUNNY.
SIGH...
NOT FUNNY Y'KNOW? BUT FUNNY.
HON, WHEN YOU LOOK LIKE ME, YOU AIN'T CALLING THE COPS. THERE'S NO JUSTICE FOR US. IT'S LIKE THIS...
ONE DAY THE COPS STOP YOU SMOKING A CIGARETTE. SAY THEY SMELL SOMETHIN' ON YOU. SO, YOU ASSUME THE POSITION. AND THEY FIND NOTHIN'. NEXT TIME, SAME THING. NOW, YOU KNOW THEY LOOKIN' FOR A PROBLEM. MAYBE YOU MOUTH OFF A LITTLE. AND THEY ROUGH YOU UP A LITTLE.
NEXT TIME BECOMES SEVERAL, UNTIL ONE DAY YOU'RE SICK OF IT. SO YOU RUN. MAYBE THEY LET YOU GO. MAYBE THEY SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

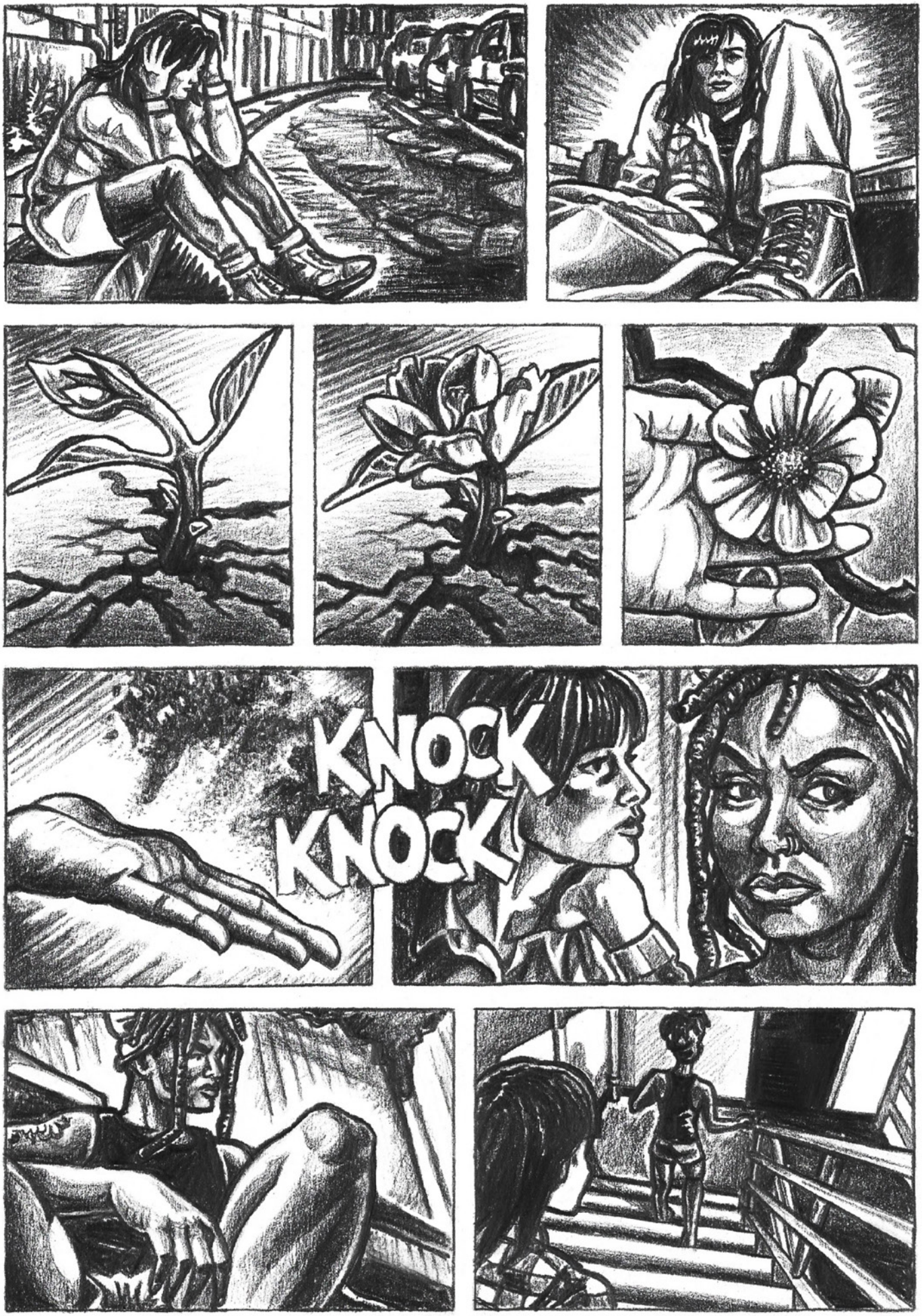
I KNOW YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE IN TROUBLE JUST FOR BEING WHO YOU ARE. BUT FOR ME? I COULD NEVER BE WHAT THEY WANT ME TO BE.
WHAT'S THAT?
NORMAL.
THEY DON'T TELL NO ONE HOW TO LIVE. WITH NO FOOD. NO MONEY. SURE SHELTERS, FOOD PANTRIES...
THEY CAN PRETEND LIKE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN, LIKE I DON'T EXIST...
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO NOT EVEN EXIST?
IS THAT WHY YOU LIVE HERE? TO BE SEEN?
IN YOUR SOCIETY, MY LIFE ISN'T A GIVEN. IT'S CONDITIONAL. I LIVE HERE NOT TO BE SEEN. I LIVE HERE JUST TO BE.
I'D LIKE TO BE.

CHAPTER 9
OF THE HONEY AND THE GALL



23
The FUCK.
IK IK I'm sorry
Fuck that. Are you ok? Where are you? Are you hurt?
I'm fine, don't worry. Idk where I am.
Use ur phone
BOOWHOOP
GOT IT
CREEAK

DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YA. HOW ARE YOU FEELING?
BETTER... I HAVE A HEADACHE.
I HAVE A CURE FOR THAT.
HERE, MEDITATE WITH ME.
WHAT DO I DO?
SIT. CLOSE YOUR EYES. AND BREATHE.


KNOCK
KNOCK

X!
MEGAN!
OH MY GOD, HOW ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT EVEN IS THIS?
MEG, IT'S FINE, I'M FINE. EVERYTHING'S OKAY.
A FRIEND?
DUH, MY FUCKING SISTA FROM ANOTHER MISTA.
CHARMING.
THE HELL X, DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT. EVER!

C'MON, LET'S GO HOME! I HAVE SO MUCH TO TELL YOU. SO, I SKIP CHAPEL TO SMOKE, AND FUCKING MISTER MCNAMARA-
I... I'M NOT GOING BACK.
HA! X-
I'M NOT GOING.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING? STOP BEING WEIRD.
NO YOU STOP.
YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO. I'M NEVER GOING BACK. I'M SO SICK OF THE PEOPLE THERE, HOW THEY EXPECT ME TO BE. THEY CAN ALL GET FUCKED FOR ALL I CARE.
X...
I'M HAPPY I RAN AWAY, OKAY? HAPPY TO BE AWAY FROM THEM AND THEIR GOD. TELLING ME I'M SHIT. I'M NOT. I'M LEAVING EVERYTHING BEHIND AND I'M NOT LOOKING BACK. THERE'S NOTHING GOOD ABOUT THAT PLACE.
NOTHING? FINE, I GET IT.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN-
NO, I DON'T. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? FUCK YOU.
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT...
OH, I DON'T? FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU.

YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO HAS PROBLEMS? THE ONLY PERSON WHO'S BEEN HURT?
WELL I HURT, X. I HURT. BUT I FUCKING DEAL WITH IT. UNLIKE YOU. YOU'RE JUST A-
WOOT WOOT
DID YOU FUCKIN' TELL ANYONE WHERE YOU WERE GOING TODAY?
CRASH
EVERYONE GET DOWN! YOU ARE ALL TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY.
HEY!

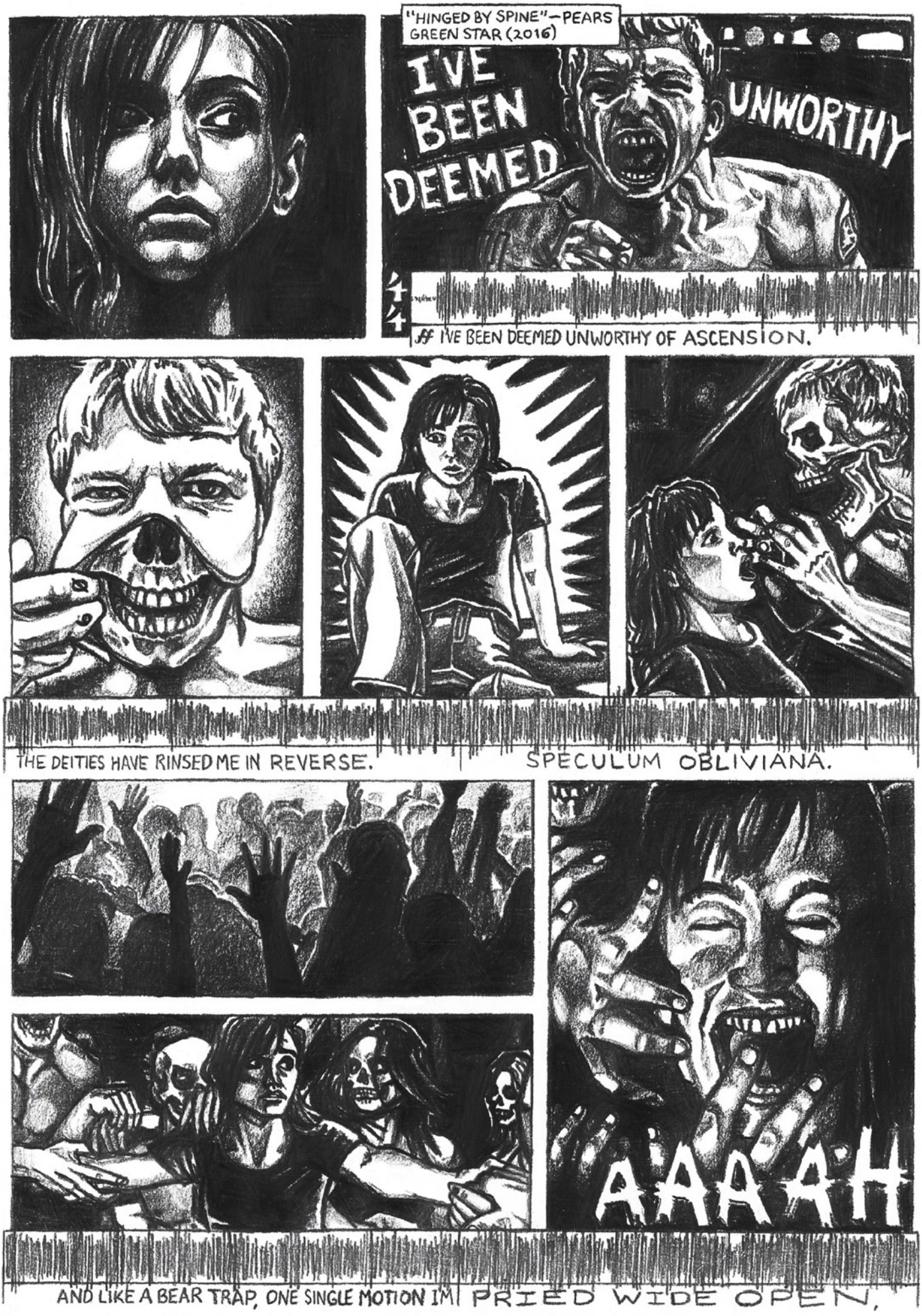
THERE'S MORE IN THE BACK!
CREAK
NO!
MEG!

"MIRACLE" - TROPHY EYES
CHEMICAL MIRACLE (2016)
SCREAMING - PATETICO
44
f I WANT TO DIE SOME INCON
SPICUOUS WAY. TO HAVE
EVERYTHING MEAN NOTHING WOULD MEAN
EVERYTHING TO ME.
TO DIE IN A WAY THAT WOULD
HURT MY MOTHER THE LEAST, TO STAY

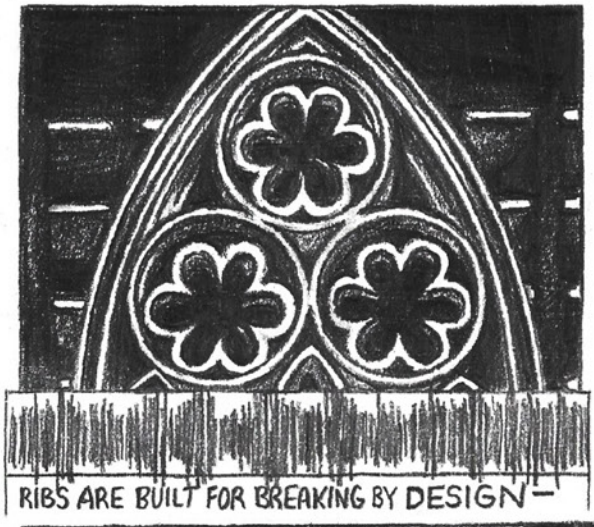
OUT OF THE PAPERS
AND OFF THE TV...
I KNOW THAT IT'S SELFISH
PUNCHING OUT EARLY,
BUT WHO'S GONNA MISS ME?
WHO'S GONNA MISS ME?

WHO THE FUCK'S GONNA MISS ME?

CHAPTER 10
WELCOME TO HELL


"HINGED BY SPINE"—PEARS
GREEN STAR (2016)
I'VE BEEN DEEMED UNWORTHY
4/4
I'VE BEEN DEEMED UNWORTHY OF ASCENSION.
THE DEITIES HAVE RINSED ME IN REVERSE.
SPECULUM OBLIVIANA.
AAAAH
AND LIKE A BEAR TRAP, ONE SINGLE MOTION IM
PRIED WIDE OPEN.

HINGED BY SPINE.
FROM MY MANGLED FORM MY HEAVY HEART BEGINS TO LIFT.


RIBS ARE BUILT FOR BREAKING BY DESIGN—

SHIT, I'M A PROPER ASS, AREN'T I?
I KNOW I SHOULD STOP. THEY SAY THESE THINGS WILL KILL YOU.
PFWAHYAHAH!
YOU'LL FIND THAT FUNNY EVENTUALLY.
THE FUCK IS—
YOU MEAN—YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS. NO ONE'S TOLD YOU YET?
THAT'S SO FUNNY. I NEVER GET TO DO THIS ANYMORE. BUT WHAT THE HELL, FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE.
ARE YOU—?

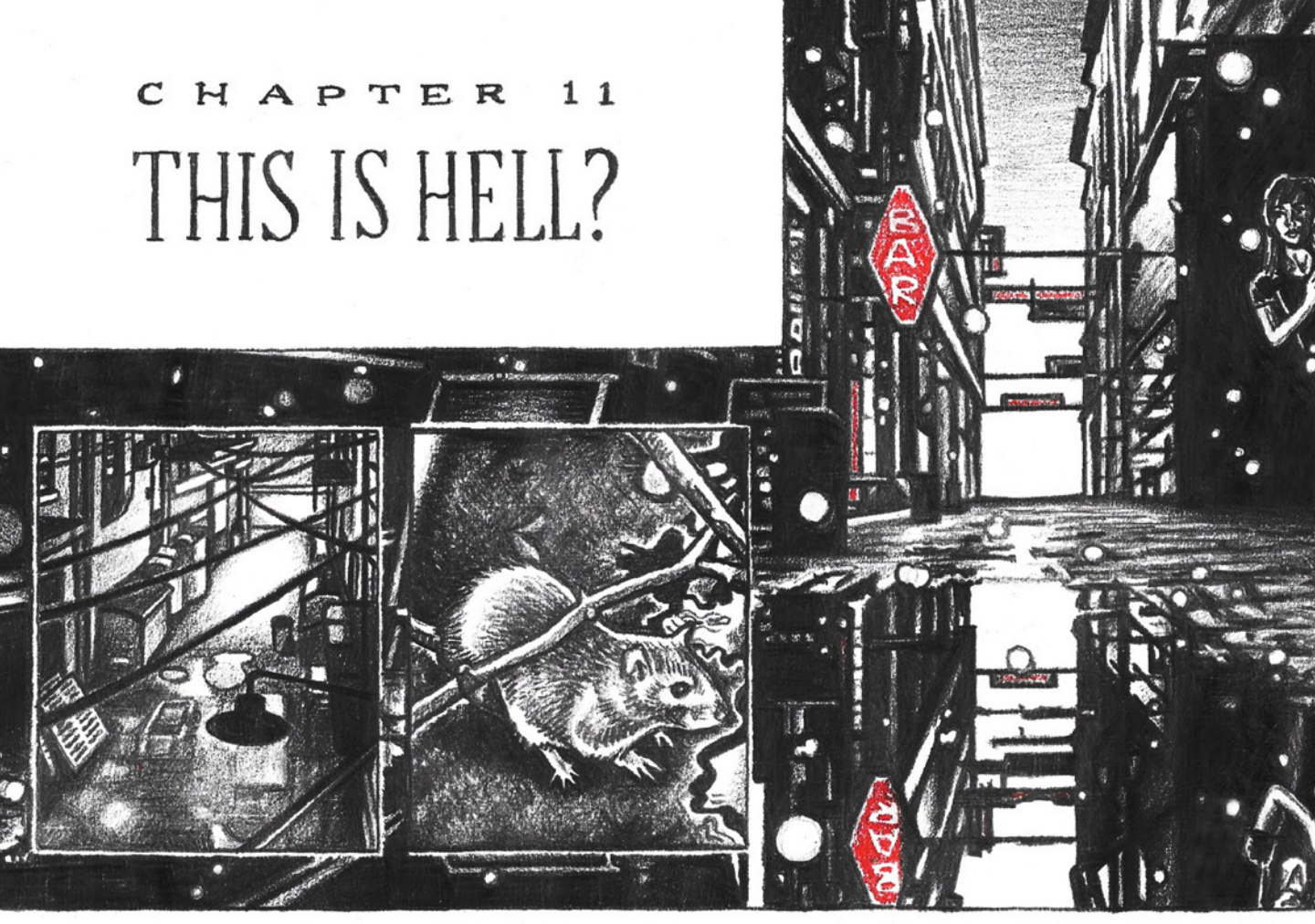
WELCOME TO HELL
AND YES, I AM THE DEVIL. BAPHOMET, IF YOU PLEASE. SATAN IS SO IMPERSONAL.
THIS IS HELL.
SURE AS I'M ETERNAL.
AM I-?
DEAD? QUITE.
SO THOSE FUCKERS WERE RIGHT.
WHICH FUCKERS? YOUR FUCKERS? WELL NOT EXACTLY.

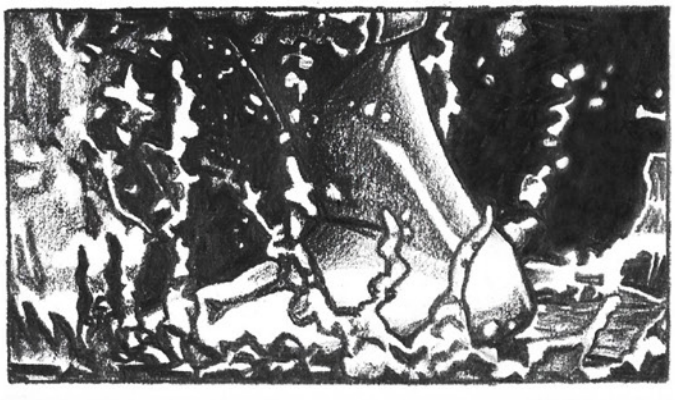
BUT THERE'S A DEVIL?
PRESENT.
AND A GOD?
OH CERTAINLY.
AND ALL THAT SHIT THEY TAUGHT US...
SEE THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG.
'CAUSE THAT SHIT IS AN ILLUSION, A LIE—A VILE ABUSE BUILT ON DEMAGOGUERY TO PREY ON THE WEAK AND VULNERABLE...
TONGUE AGAINST THE BACK OF THEIR TEETH. MAKING JUST THE RIGHT SOUNDS— TO BREAK YOU!
CRASH

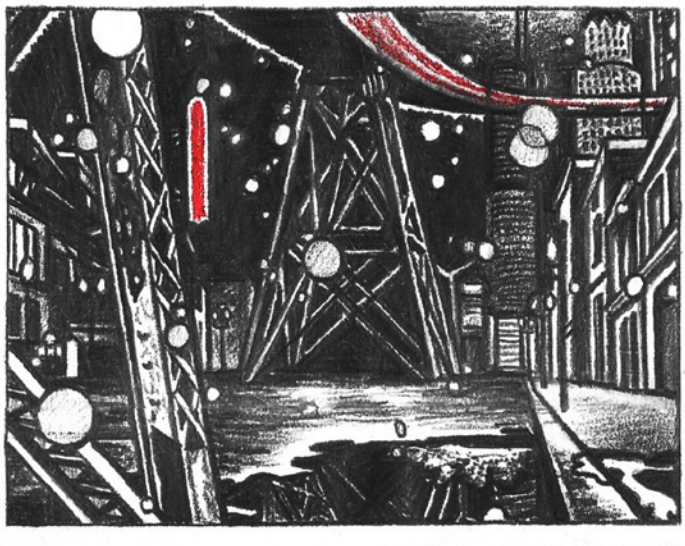
AND THEN–RED-EYED, PUFFY NOSED–YOU DO AS YOU'RE TOLD. NOT BECAUSE IT'S RIGHT. BUT BECAUSE IT'S EASY! EASY TO MAKE TENTED FINGERS ON BENDED KNEE WHILE YOUR BRAIN SLOWLY NUMBS. BRAINWASHED INTO ATROPHY LIKE CAGED PIGS.
I–
AND THE WORST PART OF IT? I GAVE YOU THE ANSWERS. I GAVE YOU THE KNOWLEDGE YOU NEED TO TAKE BITES FROM A FRUITFUL EARTH AND FLY ON WINGED VICTORY WITH EMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING, AND WHAT?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID INSTEAD?
WELL FUCK.

CHAPTER 11

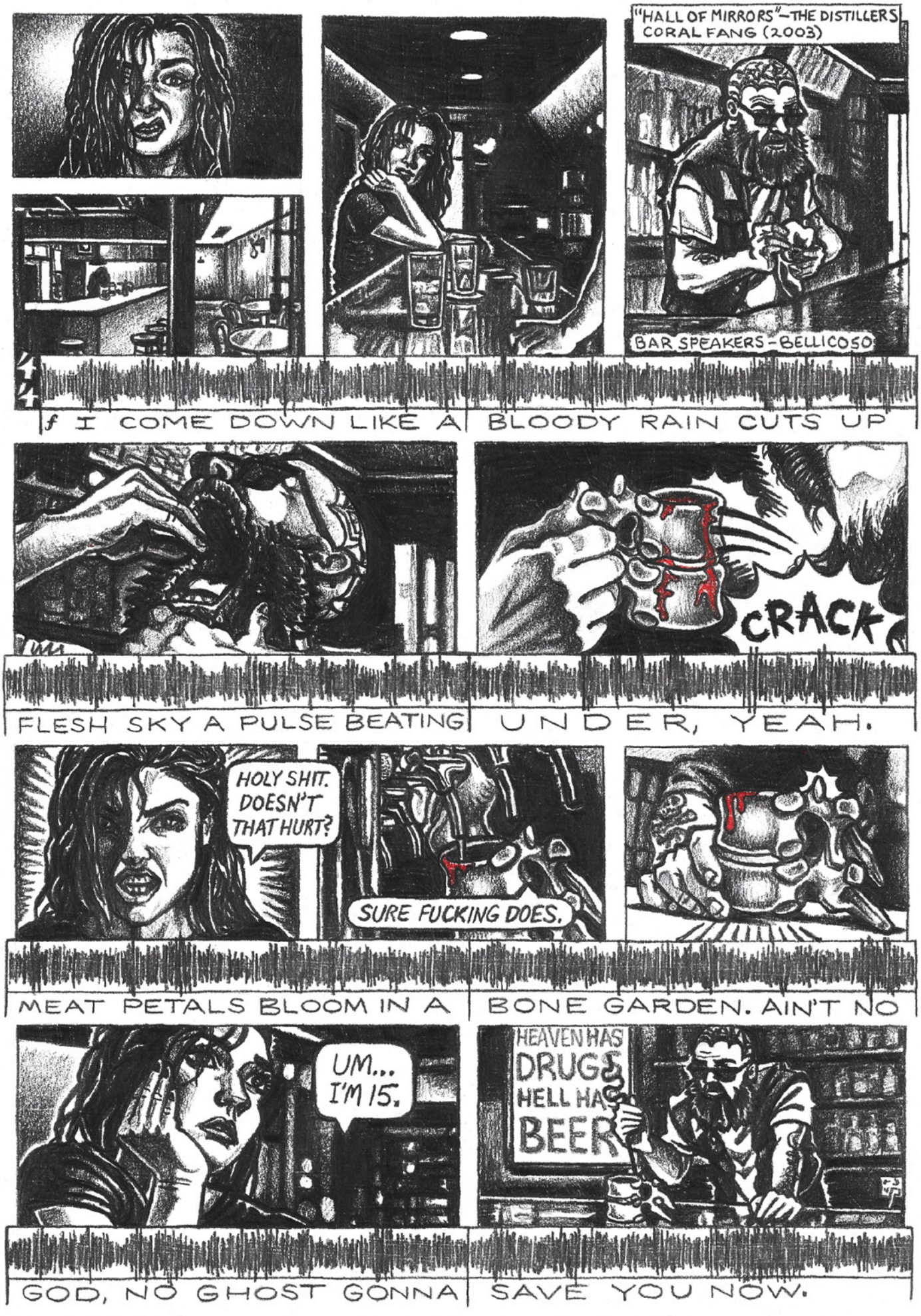
THIS IS HELL?







FHWOOSH
FHWOOSH
FUCK
VICE


"HALL OF MIRRORS"—THE DISTILLERS
CORAL FANG (2003)
BAR SPEAKERS—BELLICOSO
f I COME DOWN LIKE A
BLOODY RAIN CUTS UP
CRACK
FLESH SKY A PULSE BEATING
UNDER, YEAH.
HOLY SHIT. DOESN'T THAT HURT?
SURE FUCKING DOES.
MEAT PETALS BLOOM IN A
BONE GARDEN. AIN'T NO
UM... I'M 15.
HEAVEN HAS DRUGS HELL HAS BEER
GOD, NO GHOST GONNA
SAVE YOU NOW.

FLICK
SPIT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. HE'S A FUCKING PRICK.
I SELL SOULS AT THE
SIDE OF THE ROAD. WOULD YOU
NOTHING LIKE A DRINK AFTER POSSESSING A SOUL. HA!
WHAT?
IT PASSES THE TIME.
HEY!
LIKE TO TAKE A
NUMBER?
DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM?
SO THIS IS REALLY HELL?
THAT WAS REAL? YOU-I-HAVE BONES? A BODY?
OH, I GET IT. FIRST DAY IN HELL?
YOU KNOW, WE DON'T GET THAT A LOT.
THERE'S A HIGHWAY TO
TO THE EDGE

ONCE A NIGHT YOU WILL DRIVE YOURSELF THERE.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWER.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD YOU WILL DRINK THE FEAR.

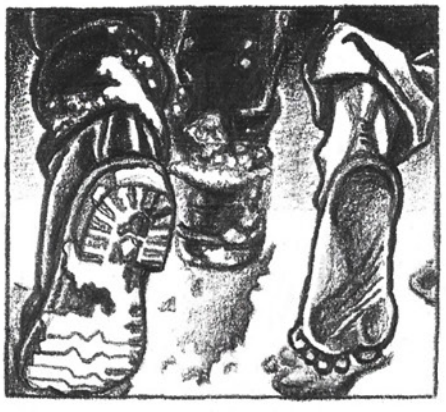
KEEP THE CHANGE.

CRACK

THEY SAID YOU'D FUCKING BURN. WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I THOUGHT IT MUST BE SUNNY IN HELL.

I THOUGHT IT WAS MORE LIKE A METAPHOR, YOU KNOW LIKE "HELL ON EARTH."

I THOUGHT NOTHING COULD BE WORSE THAN WAKING UP WITH A HANGOVER. TRY ONE THAT NEVER GOES AWAY.

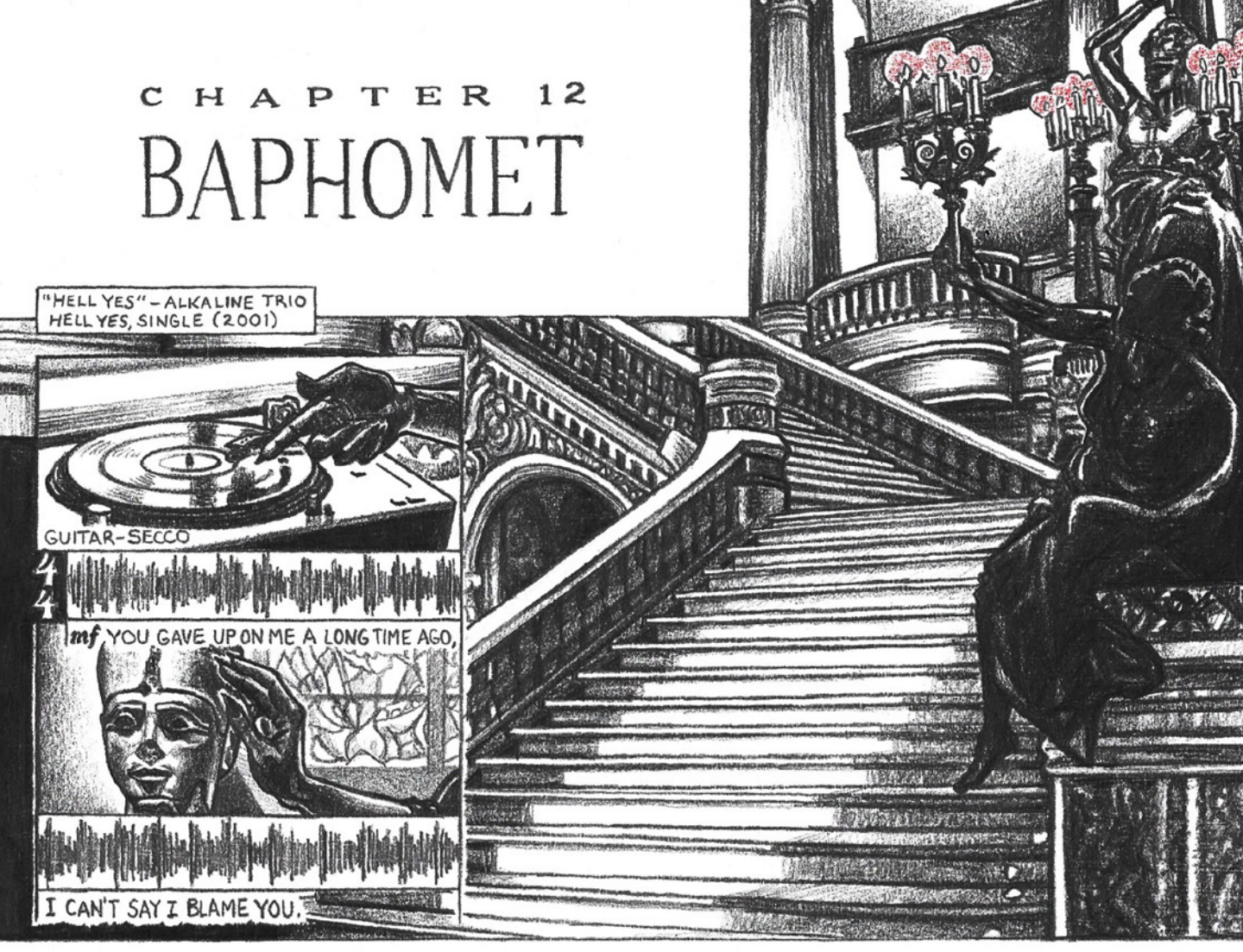


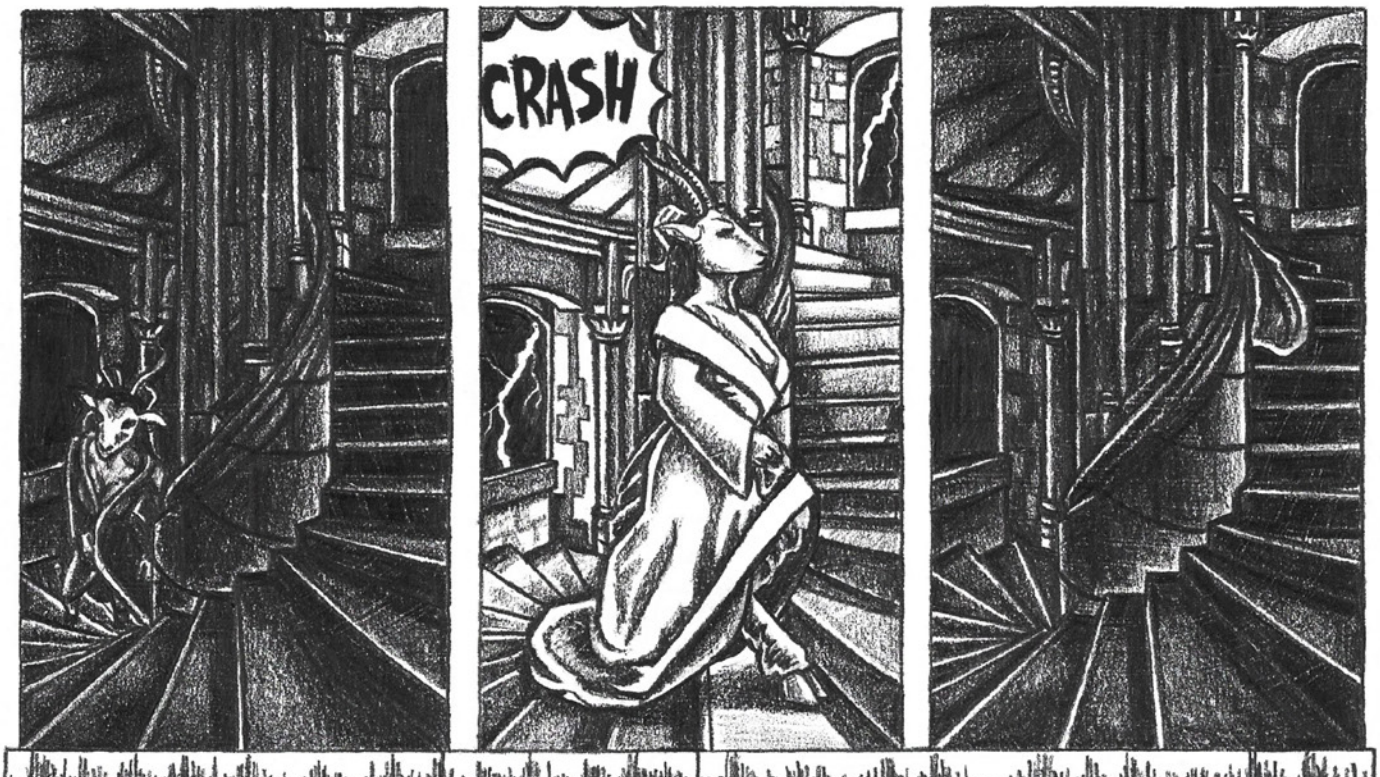
ZOOM

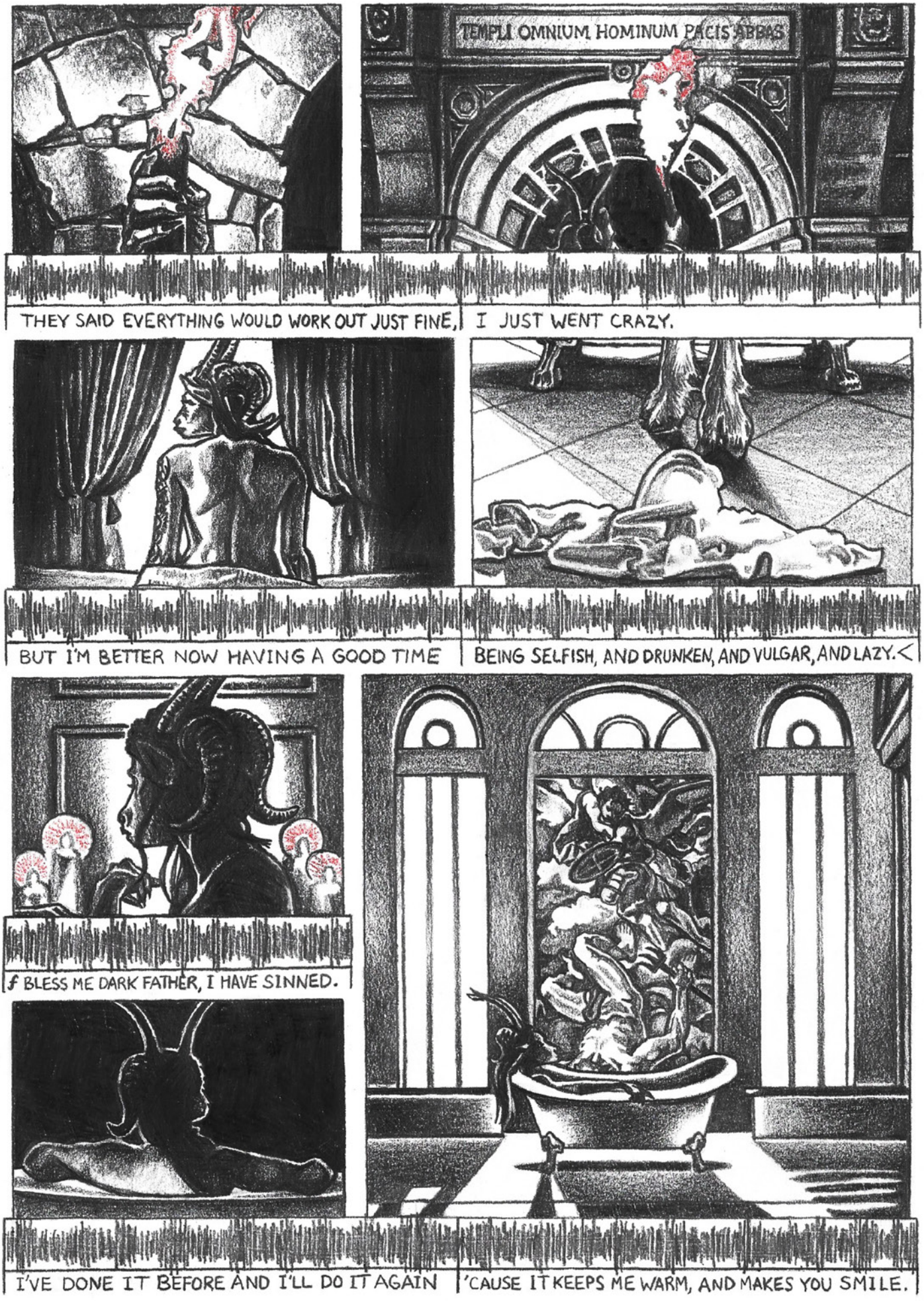
YOU LIVE HERE?
WE LIVE NOWHERE. AND EVERYWHERE.
WE?
YOU THINK YOU'RE DIFFERENT? WE'RE ALL IN HELL. ALWAYS NOWHERE... A NOWHERE SURROUNDING ALL THAT WE KNOW. I WISH MORE PEOPLE ON EARTH KNEW THAT.
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE HELL IS?

YOU WERE AFRAID WHEN YOU DIED.
WEREN'T YOU?
HA! I WAS DRUNK. CAN'T GET LOOSE NOW. ONLY THE HANGOVER. BUT AT LEAST I GET THE TASTE.
BUT YOU-YOU HAD SECOND THOUGHTS.
I COULDN'T BREAK FREE.
THEY MADE YOU.
THEY MADE ME WRONG.
NO, THEY MADE YOU KILL YOURSELF. NOBODY'S WRONG.

CHAPTER 12
BAPHOMET






TEMPLI OMNIUM HOMINUM PACIS ABBAS
THEY SAID EVERYTHING WOULD WORK OUT JUST FINE,
I JUST WENT CRAZY.
BUT I'M BETTER NOW HAVING A GOOD TIME
BEING SELFISH, AND DRUNKEN, AND VULGAR, AND LAZY.
BLESS ME DARK FATHER, I HAVE SINNED.
I'VE DONE IT BEFORE AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN
'CAUSE IT KEEPS ME WARM, AND MAKES YOU SMILE.

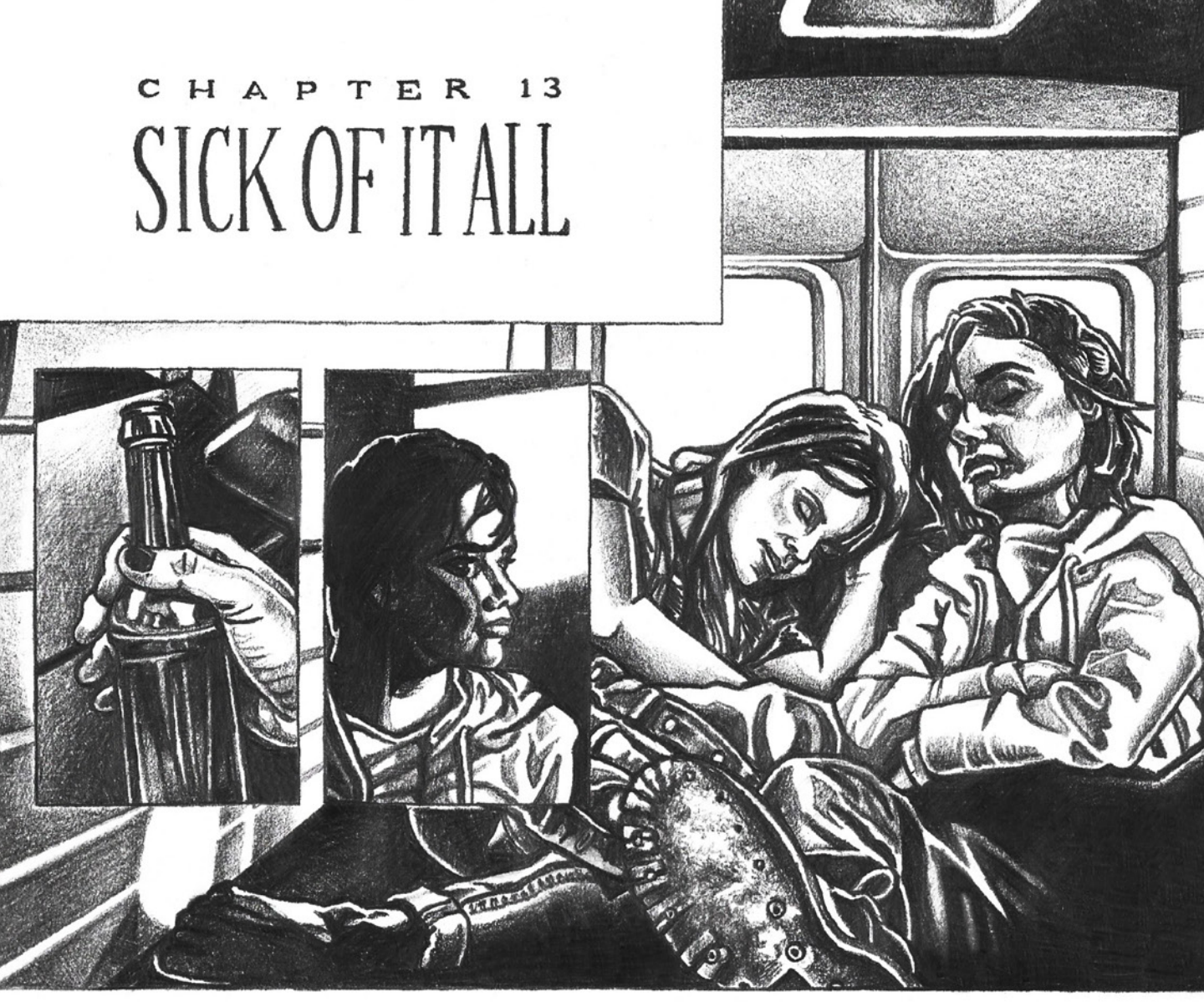
SCRATCH
BEEN BENEATH ME ALL THE WHILE—
SIGH. DON'T FRIGHTEN ME LIKE THAT.
FORGIVE ME DARK ONE—
NEVER MIND THAT, MERC. WHAT IN THE NAME OF HELL HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?
I'M SORRY, BUT... THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER ONE.
ANOTHER...FOR FUCK'S SAKE, ANOTHER? SURELY YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS?
I'M AFRAID SO.
GODDAMNIT
CLOSE THE—
THIS—
THE DOOR! YES, THE DOOR, CLOSE IT!

OF HER, WHAT DID THEY SAY?
PARIS, AFRICAN-AMERICAN. SHOT TO DEATH IN A GROUP HOME.
AND OF THEM?
THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.
THE LOT?
ALONE, DARK ONE...
ALONE IN A WORLD THAT DIDN'T WANT THEM. YOUNG, POVERTY STRICKEN. THE NATURAL LAWS OF EARTH AGAINST THEM. RACISM, SEXISM, TRANSPHOBIA. HIS LAWS. NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO BREAK THEM.
AND WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID SHE'S ONE OF OURS.
SHE BELONGS TO NO ONE!
YOU REMEMBER YOUR DEAL.
WE HAVE NO DEAL!

HER, LIKE SO MANY OF THE OTHERS. THIS WAS NOT PART OF THE DEAL.
IF YOU LIKE-
GO. SPEAK OF THIS TO ME NO MORE.
BUT I-
GO!
THIS DAY YOU'VE GIVEN ME, ETERNITY. THE LIGHT OF INFAMY CAST DOWN LIKE RAIN.
YOU'VE HAD YOUR GLORY, AND FOR GLORY'S SAKE YOU'VE RULED. NO ONE SAID THIS DAY MUST END, ONLY THAT FOREVER WILL CONTINUE. FOREVER PUSHING GLORIOUS ARMAGEDDON ASIDE.
YOU MAY WAIT FOR YOUR DAY ON EARTH, BUT YOUR TIME WILL COME. AND I MAY NOT WAIT FOR ETERNITY ANY LONGER.

CHAPTER 13

SICK OF IT ALL



SPLASH
ARE YOU JUST GONNA DRINK?
TSHSHH
ARE YOU JUST GONNA COMPLAIN ABOUT MY DRINKING?
SIGH
C'MON
SCREEECH

FUCK
THIS USED TO BE A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD. ALWAYS SOMEONE TO BUM A SMOKE OFF, Y'KNOW?
WHY ARE THERE SO MANY TRAINS?
THEY'RE TO TAKE SOULS TO AND FROM THE REALMS OF THE UNDERWORLD.
HUH?
IT'S HOW THEY BRING NEW SOULS IN FROM PURGATORY. EVERYONE TAKES THE TRAIN INTO HELL.
I-
EXCEPT FOR SUICIDES. THEY MATERIALIZE DIRECTLY IN HELL. IT'S A DENIAL OF RETRIBUTION SERVING AS A REMINDER OF THE LIFE THEY DENIED THEMSELVES ON EARTH.
OR SOME SHIT LIKE THAT. I DON'T MAKE THE RULES.

WHAT ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND TRAINS?
THOSE ARE THE TRAINS FROM HELL TO PURGATORY. THEY DON'T STOP FOR MUCH.
SHIVER
LOOK OUT!
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH THIS BRAND...
BAR
LIQUOR
BAR
FUCKING CHRIST...
SHIT, THAT WAS CLOSE.

"UNDERWORLD TOUR" – THE DECLINE
RESISTER (2015)
CRUSH
BAR – ALLEGRO
4/4
COME HERE OFTEN?
I FOLLOWED YOU IN – WHAT?
HOW DID YOU...?
f TONIGHT WE'VE SEEN SO MANY THINGS
WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE, DRINKING
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO STOP, ARE YOU?
ADDICTION IS A CODEPENDENT RELATIONSHIP, REQUIRING MUTUAL INDULGENCE. A CEASELESS DRINK THAT DOESN'T RECIPROCATE DEGRADES YOU TO SOLITARY SELF-DELIVERANCE.
BEERS AROUND THE LAVA POOL
WHILE HITLER TRIES TO SCORE. WE'LL EAT
OR SOME SHIT LIKE THAT?
NOW YOU'RE GETTING IT.
SOME HUMAN BACON
ON A MEDIUM ROTATION. I'M QUITE

TAKEN BY THE SELECTION
AT SATAN'S LIQUOR STORE. SO BE GENTLE,
BUT THAT ISN'T HELPING YOU... HELPING ANY OF YOU!
MAYBE YOU'RE FORGETTING THIS IS HELL.
SPIT
THEY DON'T CARE THAT THEY'RE DOING THIS TO YOU?
HE DOESN'T.
BAPHOMET?
IT'S OUR FIRST
TIME.
I WONDER
WHO DO YOU THINK IS IN CHARGE HERE?
IF
WE'LL EVER MAKE IT
OUT OF HELL ALIVE.

BUT BAPHOMET SAID—
HA. WHAT'D YOU SAY TO GET THEM GOING?
'BOUT WHAT THEY TAUGHT US IN CHURCH—
BAPH'S NOT MAD AT YOU. THEY'RE MAD AT HIM. THEY'RE MAD AT EVERYONE ON EARTH THAT FOLLOW HIS RULES INSTEAD OF REASON AND UNDERSTANDING.
AREN'T YOU SICK OF IT?
OF WHAT?
OF EVERYTHING! OF THIS... THIS CYCLE OF DESPAIR.
MAYBE YOU'RE FORGETTING—
FUCK THAT! WE DON'T FUCKING DESERVE THIS. JUST 'CAUSE WE DIDN'T SUCK GOD'S DICK?
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? GOD DOESN'T GIVE TWO FUCKS WHAT HAPPENS HERE. HA, IT DIDN'T SEEM LIKE HE GAVE A FUCK WHAT HAPPENED ON EARTH EITHER.
SIGH
LAST NIGHT, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT POSSESSING A SOUL?
WHAT. OH, THIS?

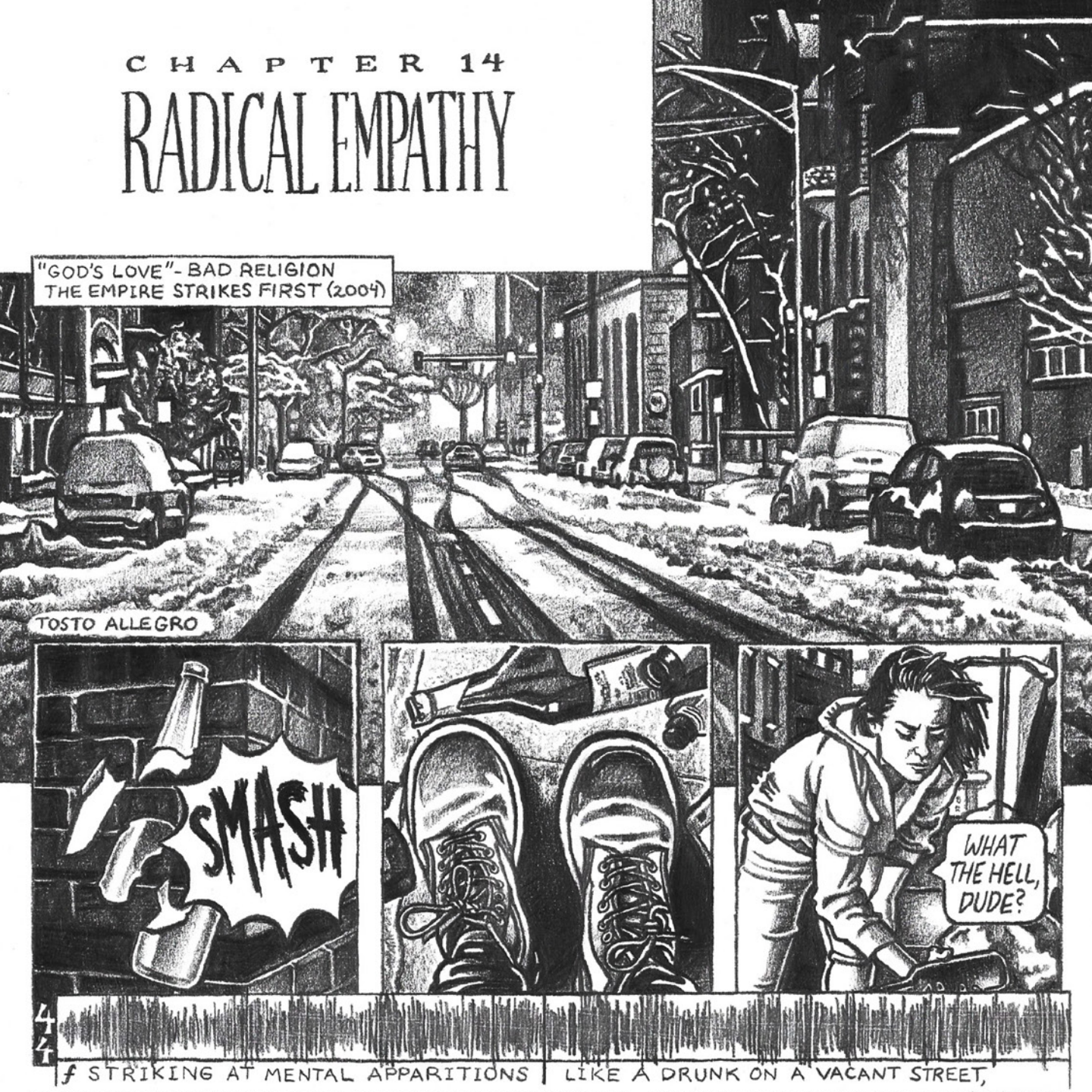
PFFHAHA!
I MADE A GIRL THROW HER DRINK IN THE FACE OF SOME PRICK.
WHAT?
WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE, DID YOU EVER FEEL SO FREE THAT IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING HAD TAKEN OVER YOUR BODY?
THAT WAS A DEMON POSSESSING YOUR SOUL.
WANNA TRY?
I-
NOW YOU'RE GONNA WANNA FOCUS. TAKE A DEEP BREATH.
FEEL THE BURN START TO FORM DEEP IN YOUR CHEST.

CREEAK
AAAA!

KHA
UHH
UAH
DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE STILL YOU. FUN, HUH?
SLAM
X! WAIT! X-OH GOD-DAMNIT.
CRASH

CHAPTER 14

RADICAL EMPATHY



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ƒ STRIKING AT MENTAL APPARITIONS | LIKE A DRUNK ON A VACANT STREET,

SILENTLY BESET BY THE HANDS OF TIME | INDELICATE IN ITS FURY.

THIS FUCKING HATE! FOR HUMANITY... FOR MYSELF! THAT HE GAVE ME!
HONK
FUCK YOU!
WHEN I WAS ALIVE, THEY'D TELL US ABOUT GOD'S LOVE. WHAT LOVE?! WHAT FUCKING LOVE IS THERE IN THIS SUFFERING?
AN ABERRANT CRACK AS SKELETONS YIELD TO UNRELENTING GRAVITY,
X, STOP!
FUCK
PEOPLE USED TO LOOK AT ME AS IF I WASN'T WEARING CLOTHES. AND I WAS SO UNSURE OF MYSELF, I'D HAVE TO LOOK DOWN TO MAKE SURE THAT I WAS.
WHILE VIRUSES PROWL FOR HELPLESS VICTIMS WHO SUCCUMB RAPIDLY.
I'M STILL SO UNSURE... WHO EVEN AM I?
WHAT KIND OF QUESTION IS THAT? YOU'RE FUCKING X!
YOU'RE SOMEONE AND THEY'RE NOT. THEY WERE TOO AFRAID TO THINK FOR THEMSELVES SO THEY GAVE CONTROL OF THEIR LIVES TO AN ASSHOLE IN THE SKY.
AND WHAT I'M FRIGHTENED OF IS THAT THEY CALL IT "GOD'S LOVE."

AND THEY AREN'T FORGIVEN JUST 'CAUSE THEY WERE BRAINWASHED AS KIDS. PEOPLE GROW UP. PEOPLE CAN CHANGE THEIR MINDS. WHAT USE IS HAVING A BRAIN IF YOU DON'T!
WE CAN CHANGE THEIR MINDS.
HUH?
WE CAN GET PEOPLE TO DISOBEY GOD. TO FIND THEIR TRUTH.
I DON'T FOLLOW.
HOW MANY SOULS ARE THERE IN HELL?
HELL, IF I KNOW.
BUT MORE THAN THERE ARE ON EARTH.
WELL, SURE. WHY?
X, THAT'S INSANE.
BUT IF-
THERE'S JUST NO WAY-
IF WE JUST GOT ENOUGH PEOPLE-
X, YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY.
BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA DO THIS, I'M GONNA TAKE YOU TO THE ONE PERSON WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP.

HIM??
DON'T MIND MY FRIEND, SHE'S NEW HERE.

WHERE ARE MY MANNERS? A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. I'M HORACE.
X...
OH, LIKE EXENE!
WHY IS HE HERE?
...
YOU MEAN IN THIS LOVELY ATHENAEUM, OR IN THIS REALM OF THE UNDERWORLD?
UM...THE LATTER.
PRIDE.
PRIDE?
I THOUGHT THAT FICTION WOULD TEACH ME SOMETHING. THAT FROM THE GREAT AUTHORS I WOULD LEARN WHAT THEY KNEW, BECOME GREAT LIKE THEM. BUT I LEARNED SOMETHING EVEN MORE SIGNIFICANT. I LEARNED HOW TO FEEL.
STRANGE, NEW FEELINGS, OR ONES LONG FORGOTTEN. IN THE END, I LEARNED HOW TO LOVE MYSELF, ACCEPT THOSE FEELINGS. IT WAS THE ONLY THING I NEEDED TO LEARN THAT I COULDN'T TEACH MYSELF FROM FICTION. IT'S FOR THIS KNOWLEDGE THAT I'M HERE.
BECAUSE ONCE YOU LEARN TO LOVE YOURSELF, THERE'S NO NEED FOR HIM.

YOU SEEM PRETTY HAPPY HERE.
OH, THE CONTRARY. I CAN'T STAND THE CITY. I USED TO OWN A SMALL FARM WHERE I COULD ADMIRE THE SOUND OF THE WIND, THE SMELL OF THE NATIVE HONEYOYE AS I RID MY GARDEN OF INVASIVE BUCKTHORN AND BITTERSWEET. NO, HELL IS NOT FOR ME.
WHY ARE WE HERE AGAIN?
OH, THAT. JUST A SILLY LITTLE THING.
HORACE HERE HAD QUITE A FOLLOWING BACK IN THE DAY FRONTING A PUNK BAND.
THEY WOULD PERFORM FOR CROWDS OF 100,000 SCREAMING FANS AT FESTIVALS AROUND THE WORLD.
I'M JUST FORTUNATE THAT IT AFFORDED ME THE LUXURY TO PURSUE MY OTHER PASSIONS. IS THAT WHY YOU'RE HERE?
HORACE, SIR, WE NEED YOUR HELP.
I'M SURE YOU SEE, THE PEOPLE HERE... THEY'RE LIVING IN FILTH AND DESTITUTION, REQUIRED TO FOLLOW THE SAME PATH OF DEPENDENCY THAT WAS FORCED ON THEM ON EARTH. AND ON EARTH...

MANY OF OUR FRIENDS ARE FORCED TO LIVE IN SILENCE, PRETENDING TO BE SOMETHING THEY'RE NOT. SOME CHOOSE TO KILL THEMSELVES RATHER THAN LIVE A LIE. AND THOSE THAT DON'T...
YES, OF COURSE...
WE NEED TO TURN THEM AWAY FROM THIS HATE- TO GET THE SOULS IN HELL TO TAKE OVER EARTH THROUGH POSSESSION AND OVERTHROW **HIS** RULE. AND SO...
WE WERE THINKING, MAYBE YOU COULD HELP? USE YOUR TALENT AND SHIT TO RALLY EVERYONE AND START THIS REVOLUTION.
OH, WELL, THAT I CAN'T DO.
BUT-
THIS IS BIGGER THAN SELLING OUT A CONCERT. BELIEVE ME, I CAN'T JUST CONVINCE MILLIONS OF SOULS TO SUPPORT A CAUSE ON MUSIC ALONE.
THE **ONLY** FORCE STRONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE SOMEONE'S MIND IS EMPATHY. NOT JUST THE ABILITY TO CARE, BUT THE ABILITY TO FEEL THE FEELINGS OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING. AND EMPATHY- ON A SCALE THIS LARGE - WELL, IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU INJECT LIKE A VACCINE.
IT CAN TAKE YEARS TO INSTILL A SENSE OF CONNECTION - OF KINSHIP - TO SOULS UNLIKE YOURSELF. A PERSON HAS TO TRULY **SEE** THEMSELVES AS SOMEONE THEY'RE NOT.

MANSPLAIN MUCH...
UNLESS...
YES?
IF TOGETHER WE CAN FIRST PLACE OUR SOULS INTO THE BODIES OF THE DISENFRANCHISED, THE SUBJUGATED, THE FORGOTTEN...
PLEASE, GO ON.
IF THE SOULS IN HELL COULD COLLECTIVELY POSSESS SUCH HUMANS—AND EXPERIENCE THEIR AGONY, THEIR HEARTACHE—THEN IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO ACHIEVE SUCH RADICAL EMPATHY AS YOU ARE SEEKING.
YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN DO IT?
NOT I. YOU.
ONLY YOU CAN SPEAK TO THE PAIN YOU'VE ENDURED. ONLY YOU CAN CONVINCE THEM TO TRY.
X IS GAME. RIGHT DUDE?
OF COURSE. BUT HOW DO WE GET EVERYONE TOGETHER?
THAT IS WHERE I MAY BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE.
I'VE OBSERVED THE BEHAVIORS OF MY FELLOW SOULS IN THIS PLACE THEY CALL HELL. TRAPPED BY THE OPPRESSION OF IT ALL—THE BLOODCURDLING HOWLS, THE SMOG AS THICK AS WATER. AND DESPITE THAT, THE WORST PART OF THIS BANISHMENT IS THE INDULGENCE IN SELF-LOATHING, RECOGNIZING OURSELVES AS THE SOLE REASON FOR OUR DAMNATION. IT'S AN INTERNAL PLACE WITH NO RELEASE. YET, IF THERE'S ONE THING HELLIONS LOVE MORE THAN SIN... IT'S THE SOUND OF A GUITAR.

MEANWHILE...
SNAP
POUND

POP POP
THIS MOMENT ISN'T FOREVER.
YET THE TRAUMA REPLAYS IN MY MIND LIKE IT'S MY OWN.
IT IS ALL OF OURS.
OH MERC, I WISH IT WERE THAT SIMPLE.
THE SOULS HERE, THEY DO NOT SHARE HER BURDEN, BECAUSE THEY DID NOTHING WRONG.
DIDN'T THEY?
NOT LIKE ME. IF I WAS STRONGER, IF I ONLY FOUGHT BACK...

THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO. AND BESIDES, HE IS ALL-POWERFUL.
I WAS TOO, AT ONE POINT...
IT'S NOT TOO LATE.
THEN WHY AM I AFRAID THAT IT IS?
IT'S HIS RULES THAT DEPRIVE THEM OF BASIC NEEDS, THAT CREATE THIS CULTURE OF VIOLENCE—
IT IS MY WEAKNESS THAT FAILS THEM!
THERE'S A CHANCE...
AND WHAT GOOD IS THAT?
HOPE IS WHAT KEEPS THE BLAZE AFLAME IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST—
TO BE VILIFIED.
—OR SANCTIFIED. WE DON'T DECIDE WHICH, BUT WE MUST SUPPLY THE HOPE.
MERC, I TAUGHT YOU WELL, BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH. IT IS HE WHO CREATES HOPE, NOT I.
THEN YOU MUST WEAPONIZE SOMETHING STRONGER THAN HOPE. FOR THEIR SAKE, NOT YOURS.
IRE

CHAPTER 15

IRE AND SONG

DO YOU HAVE DECAF?
Guest Check

FANTASTIC. IF I HAVE CAFFEINE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, I'LL NEVER FALL ASLEEP.
IT'S ALWAYS NIGHT.
TAP TAP
C'MON, C'MON, C'MON, C'MON!
YOU CAN'T RUSH A GOOD CUP O' JOE.
OH MY GOD IN HEAVEN AND HELL!
I'MA LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE FOR A BIT, BE BACK IN A SEC.
THANK YOU, SO MUCH.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE IN A PUNK BAND.
I BELIEVE IT WAS OUR MESSAGE THAT WAS OUR APPEAL, NOT OUR LOOK. ANYONE CAN WEAR A LEATHER JACKET AND TORN JEANS. NOT EVERYONE CAN THINK.

AND WHAT WAS YOUR MESSAGE?
ABOVE ALL, THAT WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER.
IF YOU WANT TO LIGHT THE WORLD ON FIRE—THROUGH GREED OR ENVIRONMENTAL DEVASTATION—IT'S THE MARGINALIZED THAT WILL BE HIT THE HARDEST. BUT WE'LL ALL SUFFER IN THE END.
ALRIGHT, LET'S GO, LET'S GO!
LET'S GO!
AS I WAS SAYING, IF YOU'RE GONNA LIGHT THE WORLD ON FIRE—
STRIKE

FWOOOSH!
ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE?!?
JUST RESOURCEFUL.
THE FUCK..?

THE FUCK?!?
FOLLOW HER. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE THE STORM BEGINS AGAIN.
WHAT ABOUT THE FIRE?
HEY, THIS IS HELL AFTER ALL.
FREE BEER

*PANT *ARE YOU GONNA TELL ME WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
JUST WAIT.

EEEIIIHHH
SORRY, DUDE!
HOW'S EVERYONE DOING TONIGHT?
AAHYEAARGHAWOO
THIS IS AN OLD ONE. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!

DARK ONE—
THE SOULS GROW RESTLESS.
I GROW RESTLESS.
THAT IS THEIR STATE.
IT'S NOT FOR YOU TO INTERVENE IN THEIR SUFFERING.
IS IT NOT? YOU YOURSELF JUST SAID—
BUT HE WON'T—
NO. HE WON'T. AND WILL YOU STOP ME?
I'M A MESSENGER. IT ISN'T MY PLACE.
LEAVE, MERC.
WHAT?

LEAVE THIS PLACE AND DO NOT RETURN.
WHEN THE TIME COMES, HE WILL PUNISH ME. AND ONLY ME.
BAPH—
THEIR LOVE FOR LIFE DID NOT RELIEVE THEM FROM DEATH. IT'S MY SINS THAT ADORN THEM—MY CURSE.
IT MUST BE NOW. NOW GO!

ALLL GOOD CHILDREEEN GO TO HEEAVEEEN!
BEFORE WE GO ON, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND OF MINE. THIS IS X. AND SHE HAS SOMETHING SHE'D LIKE TO SHARE WITH YOU ALL.
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY?
TELL THEM THE TRUTH.
UM... THANKS FOR COMING...
COUGH
I WALK ON THIS STAGE LIKE I WALKED ON EARTH. EXISTING, BUT NOT REALLY ALIVE. I LIVED IN A HOUSE... I RODE MY BIKE TO SCHOOL... I LISTENED TO CERTAIN MUSIC AND CARRIED CERTAIN BOOKS TO EXPRESS SOMETHING OF MYSELF TO OTHERS... SOMETHING OF MY SOUL THAT THEY REFUSED TO SEE FROM THE OUTSIDE...
AS A TRANS GIRL, THEY TRIED TO DENY MY EXISTENCE.
I USED THE PAIN AND ANGER TO FILL THE VOID THAT OTHERS DUG OUT OF ME AS THEY DENIED ME MY TRUTH. BUT MY LIFE WASN'T THEIRS TO DEFINE. BECAUSE I DO EXIST. I DO HAVE A SOUL. SO, THEY CAN HAVE THEIR GOD AND THEIR JUDGMENT AND THEIR FEAR. THEY CAN'T HAVE ME.

THIS SOUL IS NOT ALONE. SHE REPRESENTS ALL OF US. ALL OUR PAINS AND FEARS— OUR BATTLES AND TRIUMPHS. SHE IS EVERY ONE OF YOU.
WE ARE EVERY LIFE LIVED BY EVERY SOUL THAT HAS COME BEFORE US. WE'VE BEEN HERE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME. AND WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
I WANT YOU ALL TO TRY SOMETHING WITH US. I WANT YOU TO FOCUS ALL OF YOUR ENERGY ON SOMEONE LIKE ME, LIKE PARIS. POSSESS OUR SOULS AND EXPERIENCE HOW WE FELT.
YOU'LL SEE, HOW WE TREAT ONE ANOTHER IS BASED ON SOCIETY'S RULES—HIS RULES—NOT ON TRUTH. IT'S ALL A FUCKED-UP GAME, AND ONE WE DON'T HAVE TO PLAY.
YEEAAH!
WOO
AHH

FHWOOSH

THEY'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE. THIS PAIN IS NOT THEIR OWN—NOT YOURS—BUT MINE TO SHOULDER.

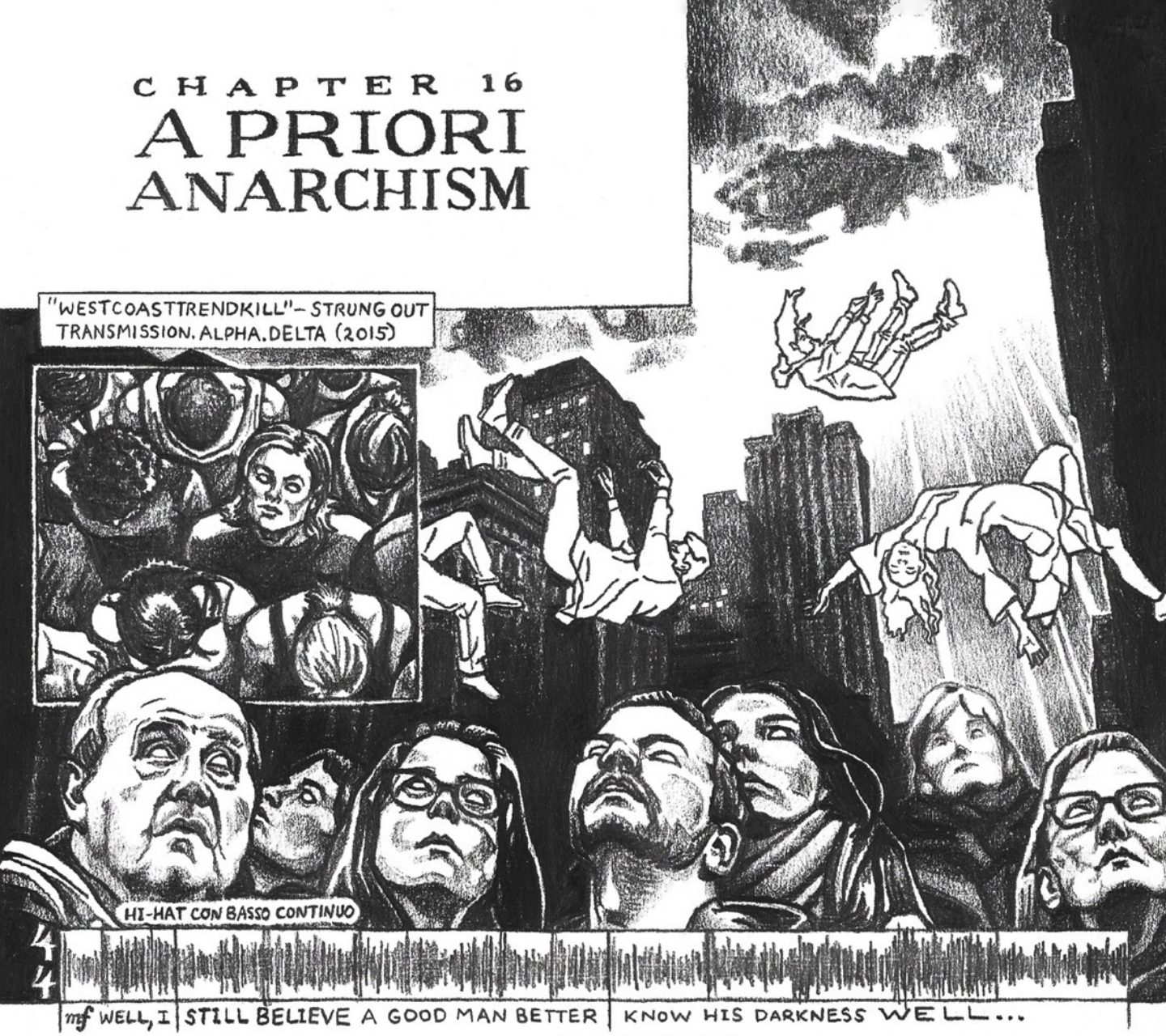
I HAVE WRONGED YOU, AND IN TURN WAS BANISHED TO THESE DEPTHS TO COMMIT YOU ALL TO YOUR MISERY. THE HOUR STANDS THAT I SUBMIT MYSELF TO HIS WRATH TO FREE YOU—

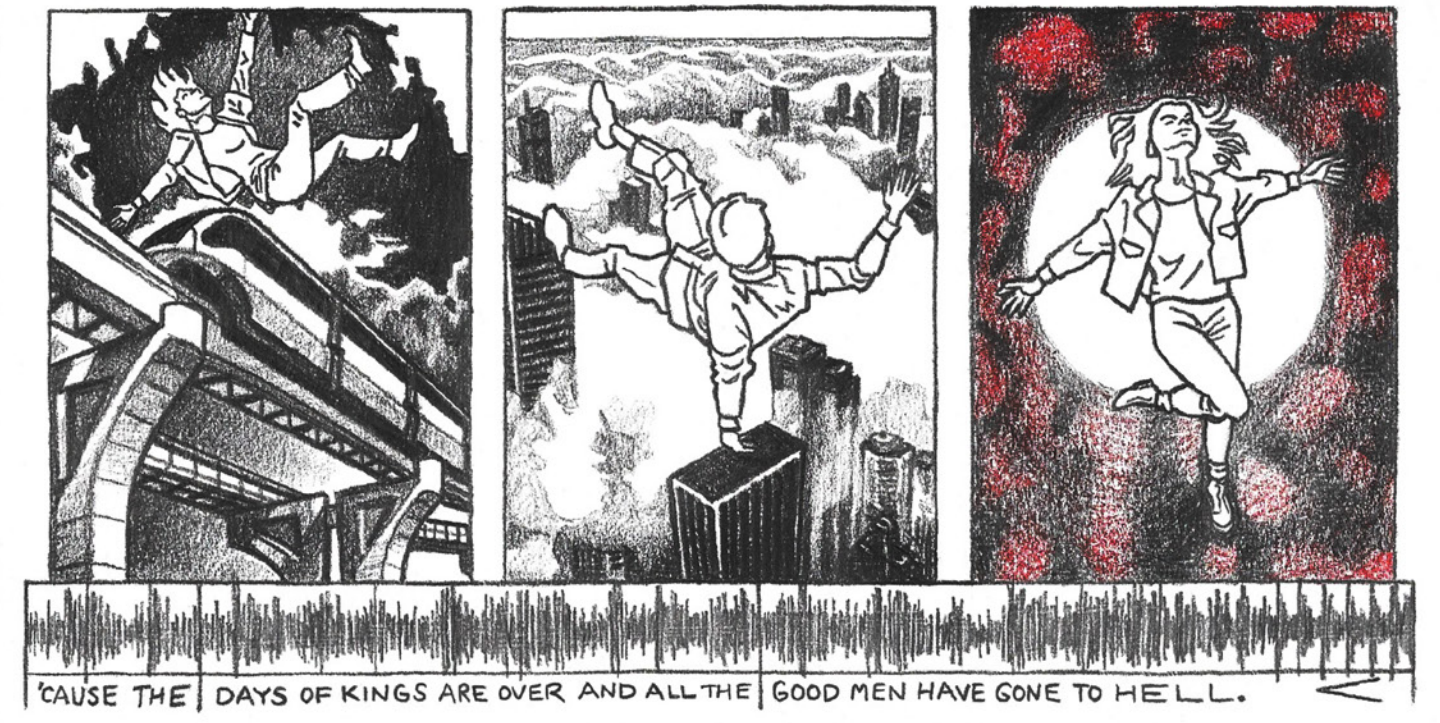
HEY, CAPTAIN MARTYR! LEAVE SOME SELF-PITY FOR THE REST OF US. WE'RE NOT GIVING UP. WE'RE GETTING READY TO FIGHT BACK.

FIGHT? BUT HOW?

CHANGE OF PLANS. LET'S FUCK SHIT UP.

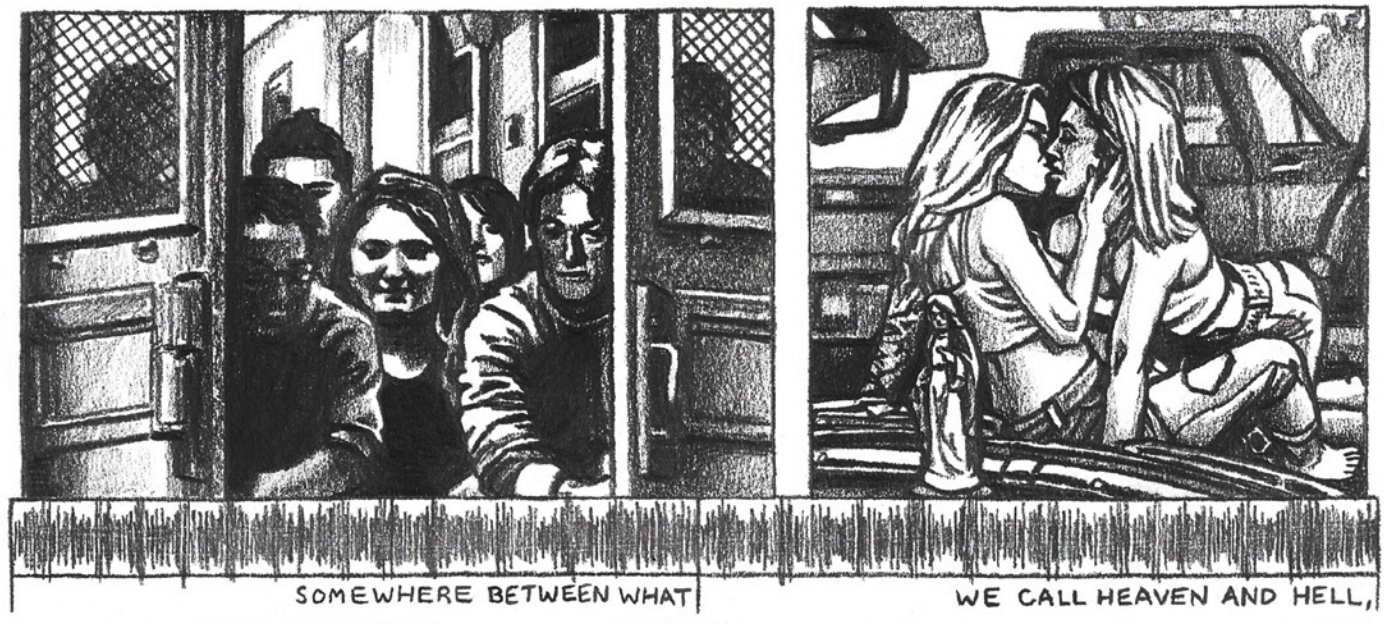
CHAPTER 16
A PRIORI ANARCHISM





f I RAISE A GLASS TO EVERY RESTLESS HEART
AND LONELY SOUL,
'CAUSE THESE
AAAHHH!!
BOOTS WERE ALL I EVER NEEDED TO GET ME
TO WHERE I HAD TO GO.
IF THERE'S
ONE THING I EVER LEARNED FROM LIFE IT'S
MAKE PEACE WITH THE END,

'CAUSE FREEDOM HERE IS JUST A WORD
AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS JUST PRETEND.


SOMEWHERE BETWEEN WHAT
WE CALL HEAVEN AND HELL,

WE ALL TAKE A STAND
TOGETHER OR ALONE.

ARTICULATE THE CHAOS AND THE WAY TO RESURRECTION.
YOU ARE THE BULLET THAT KILLED THE REVOLUTION
'CAUSE YOU'RE THE SUM OF EVERY
MOMENT THAT YOU'VE BEEN ALIVE.
I'm sorry I left and I'm sorry I never said goodbye. It was a real shitty thing to do. But mostly I'm sorry I made you feel like you didn't matter. You are and will always be my best friend. See you on the other side.
—X

YES. IT'S WORKING!
MWAAHA
AHAAA

AHEM
I'D FIRST AND FOREMOST LIKE TO CONGRATULATE THIS YEAR'S GRADUATING CLASS!
AAHYEHAHAA
NOW, IF YOU'LL PLEASE STAND WITH ME AND RECITE THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE.
I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS...
ONE NATION, UNDER SATAN, INDIVISIBLE WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

SO, HOW'S THE LEMONADE?
KEEP 'EM COMING!
LEMONADE?
I'M GOOD, THANKS.
LOVELY WEATHER WE'RE HAVING.
IT ALWAYS IS.
DON'T YOU EVER FEEL LIKE IT'S A LITTLE TOO WARM?

HEY, THIS IS HELL.

IS SOMEONE GONNA PUT THAT OUT?

IF YOU'RE HOT, YOU CAN TAKE OFF
THE FUCKING LEATHER JACKET.

NO.

Death is not the end. This much we know is true. And in the eternal fight between good and evil, it's half the battle. Inside all of us lives a devil, crawling beneath our skin like a molting snake. But it's not the tree of knowledge that leads to our corruption. It's the pursuit of an impossibly promised salvation. Our hero, X, is the rebellious angel, and she's going where no human has gone before to defeat our monotheistic overlord. Will she make it out alive? Who knows. After all, life's only half the battle.